

Echoes *from the*  
Firing Line

*and Other*  
Poems

Henry Slade Goff















To

Miss Florence Fish

with the love of her pupil

Lila Gott-

a grand niece of the author-

Minneapolis -  
Minnesota -

June 18, 1918 -









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# ECHOES FROM THE FIRING LINE

AND OTHER POEMS



BY HENRY SLADE GOFF



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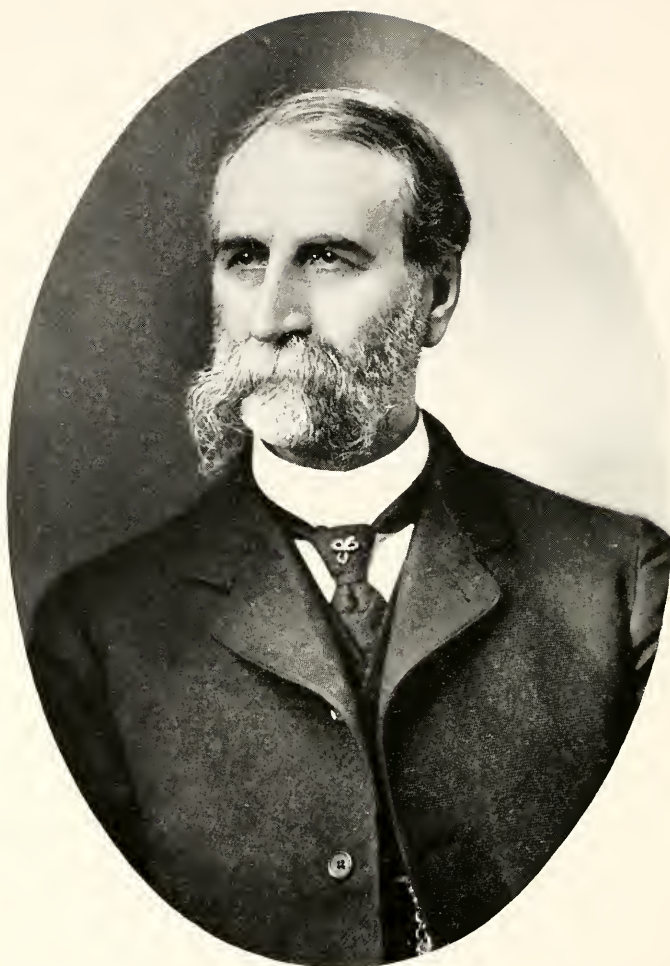
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HENRY SLADE GOFF



## BIOGRAPHICAL

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THE author was born in Herkimer county, in the old Empire State, in 1842. When a lad he moved with his parents to a frontier home in Wisconsin, and later to Minnesota. He grew up under the influence of a father who deviated not from his course, although, with other abolitionists, he was warned and his life threatened if he did not desist from advocating the freeing of the Southern slaves. The author before he had attained to his majority enlisted and served in the Union army in a war that resulted in the abolition of Negro slavery in the United States. He acquired an education in common schools, State normal school and the University of Minnesota, and became a teacher in rural and high schools and served as county superintendent of schools, superintendent of graded and high schools, and instructor in the University of Minnesota and in State teachers' training schools. He is the author of *Rules of Order for Every Day Use and Civil Government Made Plain*, and joint author with his wife, Eugenia Wheeler Goff, of an historical atlas, *The United States and Her Neighbors*, and of the *Goff Historical Maps for Use in Schools*. The poems in this volume were written from time to time, as events were taking place, with the thought of helping, if possible, even though but little, in the interests of universal brotherhood, international patriotism and "on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men."

---

Whatever I have dared to think,  
That have I dared to say.  
—Lowell.

By thine own soul's law learn thou to live.  
If people thwart thee, have no care.  
If people hate thee, take no heed.  
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed;  
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,  
And claim no crown these will not give.  
—Whittier.







## A Pledge

YOUR hand in mine, my Brother,  
For the work that is ours for the day ;  
For the lifting of loads along the rough roads,  
And the cheering of souls on the way.  
For the rounding earth yields from her millions  
of fields  
Enough both for me and for you ;  
Here's a pledge to the man doing all that he  
can,  
That a Mason will see him through.

My hand in yours, my Brother,  
In a pledge for a great common good ;  
For the grasping of hands over all of earth's  
lands,  
And a world-circling Brotherhood.  
Oh! the great earth is fair if we only would  
share  
Its riches with those in need ;  
Here's a pledge to the man doing all that he  
can,  
That a Mason will stand by his creed.



## Ef We Only Sho (Sure)

**E**F WE only sho we on de right road—  
Sometimes hit kin' er stiflin' wid de dus' a  
    risin' so,  
En de road hit full er forkin's en we aint bin  
    here befo',  
En we of'en all unsartin 'bout de way we ough'  
    ter go—  
Lo'd, we willin' do de trabin en we willin' tote  
    de load,  
Ef yo' lead us on de way, Lo'd, show us on de  
    road.

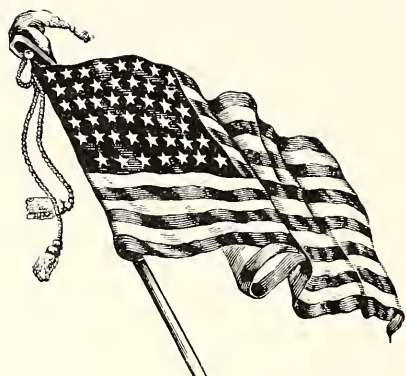
Ef we only sho we on de right road—  
Sometimes de way look cheery, en hit seems  
    es tho we know  
Whar de road lie in de sunlight; den de win'  
    begin ter blow,  
En de sky hit gittin cloudy en hit gwine ter  
    rain er snow,  
En de road fo'k out befo' us en de sun hit git-  
    tin low—  
Lo'd, we willin' do de trabin en we willin' tote  
    de load,  
Ef yo' lead us on de way, Lo'd, show us on  
    de road.



## Ef We Only Sho (Sure) 3

Ef we only sho we on de right road—  
Lo'd, we aint bin here befo', Lo'd, we aint bin  
here befo',  
En de road hit full er forkins en we aint bin  
here befo'.  
En de road hit full er forkins en de sun hit git-  
tin low,  
En de ques'ion constan' risin' 'bout de way  
we ough' ter go.  
Lo'd, de road stretch out en fo'k out en de sky  
hit gittin gray—  
Ef yo' only show de way, Lo'd, lead us on de  
way,  
We done willin' do de trablin ef you lead us  
on de way.  
We done willin' do de trablin en we willin'  
tote de load,  
Ef yo' only lead de way, Lo'd, show us on de  
road.







## The Old Flag

THERE'S a flag unfurled in the Western  
World,  
Far famed in song and story ;  
It was destined to be "The Flag of the Free,"  
And has been baptized "Old Glory."

A Washington hoisted it into the air,  
Announcing a new constellation ;  
A Jackson held it firmly aloft,  
Maintaining the rights of the Nation.  
And another, whose name is so revered that  
men  
Give silence while they breathe it—  
Another has honored its sacred folds,  
A Lincoln has stood beneath it.

It was flung to the air in Columbia's world,  
To the west of Europe's ocean ;  
It has been in the van of Liberty's way  
In peace, and in war's commotion.  
It has severed the shackles affixed by kings,  
And the shackles affixed by creeds ;  
It has given to man the freedom of thought,  
And the right to be judged by his deeds.



## The Old Flag

It has been upheld in the years of the past  
By the sturdy arm of true men ;  
It has been upheld in the years of the past  
By the helpful hand of woman.  
It has stood the test of loyalty's claims,  
It has stood the test of treason ;  
It has scattered the hosts of wilful wrong,  
And established the reign of reason.

And by Washington, Jackson, Lincoln and  
Grant,

And the thousands gone before us ;  
By our patriot sires of the days of old,  
And our patriot mothers who bore us ;  
By the G. A. R. and the U. C. V.  
And the Woman's Corps of Relieving,  
With a steadfast faith in the triumph of right,  
And in charity always believing ;  
By our lives and our fortunes, our honor, and  
all

That men hold dear on earth,  
That Flag it shall float a thousand years  
O'er the land that gave it birth.

"A thousand years, my own Columbia"—

A thousand years and a day.  
And then may earth hear the added refrain,  
That Flag it shall float away ;  
That Flag it shall float, that Flag it shall float  
Forever and aye.



## Unending Conflict

NOT that I love the few the less,  
But the masses much the more;  
And not that I wish any man distress,  
Else poor were my writing's score.  
But the thoughts that have come to me in  
verse,  
As the years in their courses ran,  
I have uttered, that tendencies toward the  
worse  
Might be changed for the good of man.

Not the rights of a single soul would I take,  
Be he pauper or millionaire;  
But I battle the men that would strive to make  
The unfair seem the fair.  
And not in my heart is a single thought  
Of ill will toward the few;  
But I battle the wrongs that the few have  
brought,  
The old wrongs and the new.

To every man under dome of the sky  
I would that all blessings might fall,  
Be his rank with the lowly or with the high,  
Or under or over all.  
But the men that grind sore all the masses of  
men



Their own sordid gains to secure,  
These, these would I battle again and again,  
And as long as life's strength shall endure.

The earth and its fulness is gift of our God  
To His children, the weak and the strong;  
And enough is the gift for each child of the  
sod,  
Were there never a grinding wrong.  
But over and over and over again,  
The roll of the centuries through,  
As an old wrong dies must the children of men  
Give battle to one that is new.

And yet in the fulness of God's own time,  
The high and the lowly shall know  
That a wrong against man is the basest of  
crime,  
And is certain of overthrow.  
And yet in the rounding of God's great plan,  
Each child of his Maker shall seek  
The paramount good of earth's every man,  
And the earth shall take care of the weak.



## Ez Seen by an Old Soldier

1893

I HEV loved my gove'nment, en loved th'  
Old Flag,  
En I love 'em yet, ez to that ;  
En I've never hearn a traitor's tongue wag  
But I'd fight at th' drop o' th' hat.  
En I proved it, too, by th' things 'at I done,  
When my country called fer defenders ;  
Fer I worn th' blue from sixty-one  
To Lee's and Johnston's surrenders.

En I remembers well how it all begun,  
En what brought th' years o' pain—  
How th' black man stood in th' Southern sun,  
En groaned in his tears over wrongs that wuz  
done,  
En plead fer his rights in vain.  
En th' gove'nment seen his tears ez they run,  
En riveted faster th' black man's chain.

En then come th' war ! en th' Nation reeled  
Like I've seen men stagger in pain.  
En they cried "To arms !" en th' great guns  
pealed,  
En th' columns swep' across Southern fields  
En wuz beaten back again,



10      Ez Seen by a Soldier

Till th' moans en th' groans en th' dyin' re-  
vealed  
Th' wrath o' our God, en our eyes wuz un-  
sealed,  
En th' black man's chains lay severed in  
twain.

I hev loved my gove'nment, en loved th' Old  
Flag,  
En I love 'em yet, ez t' that ;  
En I've never hearn a traitor's tongue wag  
But I'd fight at th' drop o' th' hat.  
En I proved it, too, by th' things 'at I done,  
When my country called fer defenders ;  
Fer I worn th' blue from sixty-one  
To Lee's and Johnston's surrenders.

En I wonders what trouble ther's goin' t' be  
Again on our country's sod ;  
Fer th' Nation again is bendin' th' knee  
To th' idol o' greed, en neglectin' to see  
Th' warnin' hand o' her God.  
Ye are crushin' my poor ! says th' Lord o' hosts,  
Ye'r deprivin' men o' their rights !  
I hev rescued th' blacks from your merciless  
grasp,  
En now ye'r enslavin' th' whites !  
Hev ye not seen that th' doers o' wrong  
Must take up th' battle's gage ?  
En hev ye not learned that th' toilers o' earth  
Are th' rightful heirs o' their wage ?



Ez Seen by a Soldier 11

It is words like these 'at I hears in th' night,  
When everythin' else is still;  
En I fears fer our land when th' Lord in His  
    might  
    Again shall establish His will.  
Fer His lightnins glance sheen 'cross th' dark-  
    enin' sky,  
En th' breath o' His wrath heaps th' waters on  
    high  
In th' depths o' the seas, en there maketh no  
    lie  
    'At deceiveth th' Lord.  
En kings en their hosts in th' waters 'r  
    drowned,  
En oppressors en warriors 'r all cast down—  
They perish from earth at th' sight o' His  
    frown,  
    En th' terrible stroke o' His sword.



## Wheels in His Head

Dedicated to those on the "firing line" in the struggle  
for justice in any cause, the world over.

**H**E HAS wheels in his head; and the journals purr,

And the wheels in his head go round.  
And the pinions clatter and whiz and whir,  
And the wheels in his head go round.  
And he says that the color of blood is red,  
In the toiler, or in the gentry bred,  
And he won't let a dead wrong bury its dead,  
And the wheels in his head go round and round.

He has wheels in his head; he's a radiant crank,  
And the wheels in his head go round.  
And he looks at humanity, stricken and blank,  
And the wheels in his head go round.  
And he says that a dead sure wrong is a wrong,  
Though backed by endorsement and hailed by the strong,  
And he'll fight it wherever it goes along,  
And the wheels in his head go round and round.

He has wheels in his head; he's a pioneer,  
And the wheels in his head go round.  
And the triumphant parties are far in the rear,  
And the wheels in his head go round.



But his voice is "a voice in the wilderness,"  
 As he glorifies truth and denounces duress,  
 And he struggles for fairness and righteous-  
     ness,

    And the wheels in his head go round and  
     round.

He has wheels in his head; leading Liberty's  
     van,

    As the wheels in his head go round,  
 He battles for justice to suffering man,

    As the wheels in his head go round.  
 And soon shall the forces of righteousness  
     stand

Where he is now toiling in lonesome hand,  
 And his thoughts shall take fixture in all the  
     land,

    As the wheels of the Nation go round and  
     round.

But the wheels shall be stopped in his poor,  
     weary head,

    Never more to go round and round,  
 And the man that led out toward the light shall  
     be dead,

    Ere the wheels of the Nation go round.  
 Crank, idiot, anarchist, witling no more,  
 His name all too late freedom's hosts shall  
     adore,

While others are still leading out, as of yore.

    And the wheels of the nations go round and  
     round.



## At Louisville

Written on the occasion of the reception given the  
Grand Army of the Republic at Louisville, Kentucky,  
in 1895.

**T**HIS is the end of the exalted strife,  
This the high summit of the century's  
climb.  
Here is the promise that the nation's life,  
Lifted through suffering unto heights  
sublime,  
Secure shall rest through aeons long of time.

Here came the warriors of the Southern cause,  
Here the stern veterans of the Union lines.  
Here melted all their hearts; here strife had  
absolute pause,  
And once again, as by command divine,  
Cheers for the Union ring through Southern  
pines.

Here is a new date for our fortunate race,  
Ever to be in memory kept alive.  
This was the appointed hour, and this the  
place,  
When the full sentiment for union should  
revive—  
At Louisville, in Eighteen ninety-five.



Thrice blessed the Nation! purified by fire,  
Once more she stands beloved by all her sons,  
And ready once again to accomplish Heaven's  
desire;  
For, with her iron North and valiant South  
as one,  
She has but to command, and then to write,  
“ 'Tis done.”

Thrice blessed the Nation! ready once again,  
In influence majestic and in power sublime,  
To strike from limb of Liberty any fettering  
chain;  
And in the revolving years of e'er recurring  
time  
To champion, triumphant, justice in every  
clime.



## Re-Union

### The Old and the New

THE Englishmen fought for the Rose of  
White,  
And they fought for the Rose of Red.  
Oh! they fought to the death by day and at  
night,  
And they heaped their fields with their dead.  
Great Warwick and King Richard fell—  
Full high ran the crimson flood;  
From England's church towers came the knell  
For her princes of the blood.

The Yorkist men won many a field,  
And gained the English crown;  
The Lancastrians they would not yield,  
And hurled their foemen down.  
In thousands they gathered for Rose of White,  
In thousands for Rose of Red—  
Oh! they fought to the death by day and at  
night,  
And they heaped their fields with their dead.

---

Forgotten at last is the Bosworth strife,  
And the loss of the field deplored;  
Forgotten the yielding of English life  
To the stroke of the English sword.



Forgotten the storm of the Rose's rack,  
And the flags of the past unfurled,  
And England stands strong 'neath her Union  
Jack,  
Full ready to face the world.

---

The Americans fought for the Stripes and  
Stars,  
And they fought for the Stars and Bars ;  
Oh! they fought to the death for the State  
Rights Bars,  
To the death for the Union Stars.  
Oh! the fields were heaped with the Northern  
slain,  
Heaped high with the Southern dead ;  
But they reckoned naught for death or pain,  
And naught for their blood, so red.

Brave Pemberton fought at the Vicksburg  
curve,  
Right bravely there fought he ;  
And his men beat back with iron nerve  
Full many an argosy.  
And the Union men fought right and fought  
left,  
In the name of Liberty,  
Till the river flowed from its northmost cleft  
Unvexed to the Southern sea.

Oh! the field was red at Shiloh's shock,  
And red on Georgia's plain,  
Where firm the Chickamauga Rock  
Withstood the iron rain.



Oh! the field was red at Lookout's heights,  
And round Atlanta's rim,  
Where Hood spoke forth for Southern rights,  
And Sherman answered him.

On Rappahannock's turbid stream  
The battle raged full sore,  
And soon the Southern bayonets gleam  
On old Potomac's shore.  
Once onward past stern Groveton's moil  
To Antietam they surge;  
And once on Keystone's honored soil  
To stormy Gettysburg.

Oh! the storm struck hard at the Wilderness,  
Where Grant met Southern Lee;  
Full high the war wave bore its crest  
To Appomattox tree.  
Ten times ten thousand Southern men  
Lay dead on their war worn shields;  
Ten times ten thousand Northern men  
Lay dead on the battle fields.

Down, down went the flag of the Stars and  
Bars,  
Down into the very dust;  
And high rose the flag of the Stripes and Stars,  
For its cause, aye, its cause was just.  
And high rose the flag of the stripes and  
Stars—  
Thank God that He ever reigns!  
He hath bursted asunder the prison bars,  
And hath broken the bondman's chains.



The years have passed ; and there comes from  
the South

A welcome to G. A. R.\*

Forgotten the strife at the cannon's mouth,

Forgotten the hate of the war.

Oh, the cheers they ring out, they ring out  
from the shore

Of the Gulf to Pacific's gates!

Cheers, cheers for the Flag that the fathers  
bore,

And the Union of the States!

The years have passed ; with the U. C. V.†

There's a union of G. A. R.

Standing shoulder to shoulder, from sea unto  
sea,

Are the foes of the recent war.

Oh, the cheers they ring out, they ring out  
from the gates

Of the Lakes to the Southern shore!

Cheers, cheers for the Union of the States,

And the Flag that the Fathers bore!

\*G. A. R.—Grand Army of the Republic.

†U. C. V.—United Confederate Veterans.



# An Anarchist, He!

1896

Dedicated to reformers, the world over.

**A**N anarchist, he! An anarchist, he!  
So cry his opponents, An anarchist, he!  
Aye, sirs, such a one as defeated the plan  
Of King John of England, the tyrant, say we,  
In the suffering isle girt round by the sea,  
When Magna Charta was given to man.

An anarchist, he! An anarchist, he!  
So cry his traducers, An anarchist, he!  
Aye, sirs, such as Joan of Arc, when she  
heard  
The summons to rescue her country, say we,  
Clear voices in air from the Deity,  
And she gave up her life in obeying the word.

An anarchist, he! An anarchist, he!  
So cry his revilers, An anarchist, he!  
Aye, sirs, such as Washington, hoisting in  
air  
The flag of our new born Republic, say we,  
When our sires chose for war, and on reverent  
knee  
Petitioned the throne of high Heaven in  
prayer.



## An Anarchist, He! 21

An anarchist, he! An anarchist, he!  
So cry earth's aggressors, An anarchist, he!  
Aye, sirs, such as Lincoln, refusing to yield  
To the Dred Scott decision as final, say we,  
When our courts gave injustice the victory,  
And the stars on our banner grew dim in  
their field.

An anarchist, he! An anarchist, he!  
So have cried earth's transgressors, An anarchist, he!  
Aye, sirs, such as ever have sprung from the  
earth  
To lead in the struggle for justice, say we,  
When men in their suffering strove to be free,  
And the throes of a nation gave Liberty  
birth.

An anarchist, he! An anarchist, he!  
God give us such anarchists always, say we;  
Men striking down evil, men leading the  
way  
On and up to a holier destiny,  
Up out of all forms of slavery,  
To the gladsome light of a better day.





*"A wonderful thing t' feel on th' foot,  
An' a wonderful thing t' see."*



# Them Single Gold Standard Socks

1896

O H, a wonderful thing t' feel on th' foot,  
An' a wonderful thing t' see,  
Iz them single gold standard socks o' mine,  
Thet I've tackled sence ninety-three!  
There's a string runnin' round a big hole in th'  
heel,

An' a string round a hole in th' toes,  
An' th' space in between iz another big hole  
In them single gold standard hose.  
But I ain't got no kick, fer ther's nothin' t'  
kick,

An' th' bankers hez got th' rocks,  
An' when they lets out another ten cents  
I'll git me a new pair o' socks.

Th' fust o' th' holes, where I puts in my foot,  
Iz th' littlest hole o' them all,  
An' how I finds out which one goes up  
Iz by huntin' fer one thet's small.  
Ther's a string runnin' lengthwise along th'  
shin,

An' a hole runnin' parallel,  
An' how I gits into an' out o' them socks  
I ain't got th' time t' tell.



24      Gold Standard Socks

But I ain't a kickin'—I've "conf'dence" yit,  
An' I'm guardin' th' bondholders' stocks;  
An' when th' gold dollars comes rollin' up hill,  
I'll git me a new pair o' socks.

Ther' iz pegs in my boots, too, a punchin' up  
through  
An' into my gold standard hide;  
Fer th' pegs iz what's left o' my gold stand-  
ard boots,  
An' they're taxin' my gold standard pride.  
But I've "conf'dence" sure, in them gold stand-  
ard holes,  
An' I've "conf'dence" in them pegs,  
An' I wants no bimetallic things  
A coverin' up my legs.  
An' I ain't a kickin'—I voted thet way,  
Fer bonds, an' their gold standard locks;  
An' when I walks over t' Yurup some day,  
I'll want my gold standard socks.



## The Level and the Plumb

“WE meet upon the Level and we part  
upon the square—  
What words of wondrous import those words  
Masonic are.”  
But no greater better edict unto Masonry has  
come  
Than the one that is heard at the Southern  
gate, to Act upon the Plumb.

We meet upon the Level, all who form the  
mystic tie  
Of fraternal bands Masonic, as the years of  
time roll by—  
We meet upon the Level, but the all-inclusive  
sum  
Of man's duties unto others is to Act upon  
the Plumb.

Good cheer in Lodge assembled! let love fra-  
ternal reign,  
As we gather round our jewels and our altar  
once again.  
Again we form our circles—on the Level,  
every one—  
And again we hear the mandate that we Act  
upon the Plumb.



Hands round, ye faithful Brothers! hands  
round before we part!  
Each must go forth to action in a life that  
tries men's hearts.  
But where'er our strife be questioned our ac-  
cusers shall stand dumb,  
If we have met them on the Level and have  
Acted on the Plumb.

And when we stand in Lodge celestial, with  
our ashlers gathered there,  
And they are tried by Judge omniscient with  
His own unerring Square,  
There shall sound a voice potential, Ye all  
have nobly done  
Who have met upon the Level and have Acted  
on the Plumb.

---

## The Eastern Star

**H**AVE you heard of the Star, of the beau-  
teous Star,  
Aglow with Masonic light?  
Have you seen its soft rays, making gladder our  
days,  
And illuming the regions of night?  
Have you heard of its Ruth, and its lessons of  
truth,  
As clear as the glistening sun?



## The Eastern Star 27

Have you heard of its queen, standing fair and  
    serene  
In the light of her work, well done?

Have you seen it stand by in the darkening sky  
    Of distress, when, in writhings or pain,  
Or midst wailings and woe in death is laid low  
    A loved one once again?  
Oh! it quelleth the tears and dispelleth the  
    fears  
Of the sorrowing hearts of our land;  
And it giveth a meed to its toilers in need,  
    With its helpful beneficent hand.

Oh! a wonderful Star is the Eastern Star,  
    As shining as ever was seen,  
With its Ada and Ruth and its lessons of truth,  
    And its Esther, superb and serene.  
Oh! a meaningful Star is the Eastern Star,  
    In the glow of its radiant sheen,  
With its Martha's fair creeds and Electa's  
    brave deeds,  
And the faith of the Nazarene.



## In Memoriam

IN their early manhood years,  
Leaving tenderest friends in tears,  
Caring naught for hopes or fears,  
Recompense or station,  
On the fields of storm and ire  
Gathered they round patriot fires,  
And in name of patriot sires  
Served they well their Nation.

Close up, comrades ; center guide.  
Comrades still are falling.  
They are missing from our side ;  
They have crossed the great divide,  
At voice of Captain, calling.

They have seen in dire array  
Hosts expectant for the fray.  
They have seen the avalanche  
Of armies, hurled in fierce advance.  
They have heard the firing, thick,  
Of the musketry, when quick  
Followed bullet's vengeful click  
'Gainst the breasts of yeomen.  
They have heard the great guns peal ;  
They have seen firm columns reel,  
Pressed by lines of gleaming steel  
In the hands of foemen.



Close up, comrades ; center guide.  
Comrades still are falling.  
They are missing from our side ;  
They have crossed the great divide,  
At voice of Captain, calling.

In the battle's opening din,  
They have heard the call, "Fall in!"  
They have formed in solid front,  
Ready for the battle's brunt.  
Standing firm as grounded rock,  
They have felt the battle's shock.  
They have swept in lengthening lines  
Through war racked fields of Southern pines.  
They have charged at double quick  
Bastion, fort and rifle pit,  
Surging on in stifling smoke,  
Meeting storm of sabre stroke,  
Iron hail and leaden rain,  
Till the victory was gained.

In their day of strength and toil,  
They have stood on Freedom's soil,  
Battling in a holy cause.  
Not in vain their royal birth,  
Not in vain their lives on earth ;  
They have given to evil—pause!  
And to man diviner laws.

Theirs the joy o'er victory won ;  
Earth's the gain that they have done  
Something, in their life's brief span,  
For the betterment of man.



## The Story of William Milne

(From *The Masonic Herald, Rome, Georgia*—During the year 1896, Brother Milne, a member of Minnehaha Lodge, of Minneapolis, Minn., came to Rome, Ga., in search of work. He was employed at the Lindale Cotton Mills, where he received an injury seriously affecting his lungs. He became so ill that he was compelled to quit work, and was finally sent to the Floyd County Alms House. His lodge, hearing that he was in distress, wrote to Worshipful Master Max Meyerhardt, of Cherokee Lodge No. 66, at Rome, asking him to look after Brother Milne, stating that Minnehaha Lodge would bear all expenses. Brother Meyerhardt at once had Brother Milne removed to the residence of Brother J. P. Earle, where he received every possible attention, Brother D. T. McCall, a prominent physician, tendering his professional services free. Notwithstanding all that skill and kindness could do, Brother Milne died, and was buried with Masonic honors. Though a stranger and a humble laborer, his funeral was very largely attended by some of the most prominent Masons in Rome. In the following pathetic poem, Brother Goff, Secretary of Minnehaha Lodge, and a ripe scholar and writer, has told the story in verse.—*Editor*.)

---

WILLIAM Milne, Northern man,  
Joined the Masons, and began,  
When the hard times struck his town,  
Wandering round and up and down—  
Where a job was to be found,  
Straight went Milne, thither bound.

Gone for several years from home,  
Brought up finally down at Rome,



State of Georgia—down there where  
Crash of war had rent the air ;  
Down where North had met the South  
Surge on surge at cannon's mouth.

Met with accident at the works—  
One never knows where danger lurks.  
Hurt on side and in his lung  
By jagged rock against him flung.  
Laid away with awful pain,  
Couldn't go to work again.

Wrote his lodge about his dues.  
Said he kind o' had the blues ;  
Was hurt and sick and weak of hand—  
Wished they'd let the dues just stand ;  
When he got to work once more  
He would send them, as before.

Didn't ask for any help,  
Not the kind to whine or yelp.  
But the home lodge wrote just then  
Quick to their Georgia Brethren,  
Telling them of Milne there,  
And asked for him a Mason's care.

Almost makes a fellow cry—  
Quick as carriage wheels could fly  
Masons hunted Milne out.  
Cast their strong arms round about  
And sustained him. Soothed his pain,  
Till his eyes were wet again



With the tears of thankfulness  
For their love in his distress.  
Battled there for Milne's life  
As for that of child, or wife.  
Soothed and nursed him, day and night,  
Till his spirit took its flight.  
Gave him then a burial  
Such as king might have, withal,  
And at his grave on Southern slope  
Placed the acacia of their hope.

Bills were paid by North, O K,  
All that South would let them pay.  
Hearts were warmed at South and North,  
Heart for heart from that day forth.  
Better thoughts with every breath,  
Kinder hearts since Milne's death.

Simple story. But it shows  
How the tree of kindness grows;  
How a light of deeds divine  
Glows on Masonry's fair shrine;  
How the great Fraternity  
Belts the earth with love's decree.



## “And Having Done All to Stand”

Read at a banquet held on Lincoln's birthday at the Windsor Hotel, St. Paul, February 12, 1897, under the auspices of the Silver Republican Club of Minnesota.

YE have fought a good fight. Like apostle  
of old

Ye have struggled 'gainst legions of wrong.  
Ye have battled like men of Titanic mold

With argument, logic and song.

Ye have lost; but yet clothed in the armor of  
God

Ye may heed the apostle's command,  
As ye still face the foe on your native sod,  
“And having done all, to stand.”

There are times when the voice of the captain  
must call

To the struggle and smoke of the fray.

There are times when the strokes of the warriors must fall

Full swift through the livelong day.

There are times when the battle must draw to  
a close,

No matter how valiant the band.

But the patriot warrior may still face his foes,  
And having done all, may stand.



34      And Having Done All

Not long the abatement; not long the delay,  
    When the trumpet again shall resound  
For the gathering hosts to be up and away  
    To the charge and the battle ground.  
Not always shall wrong rule the darkening  
    night,  
    Nor shall voice of Jehovah command  
That His warriors may rest in the glimmering  
    light,  
    And having done all, may stand.

For Liberty cometh through earth's battle  
    plains,  
    And the sunlight is lord of the storm.  
And right still is might, and Jehovah still  
    reigns  
    "His wonderful works to perform."  
And soon to "move forward" shall be the com-  
    mand,  
    As to Israel's leader of old;  
For to you it is given to rescue your land  
    From the curse and the thralldom of gold.



# Song of The Cuban Soldier

1897

UP, warriors, for Cuba! Strike, comrades,  
for home!

Once more to the battle our Cuba says come.  
Racked, ravaged and pillaged, robbed, rifled  
and burned,

Once more to the war-plains our Cuba has  
turned.

And now from her tyrant she shall find release;  
And now on our island extortion shall cease;  
For by all that is sacred and all that is just,  
Our land shall be free or her foes bite the dust.

Then, ho! Cubans, ho! to the battle we go—  
Here's a tear and a stroke for our martyrs  
laid low.

By our hopes for our living and tears for our  
slain,

Up, Cubans, for war, or for freedom from  
Spain.

No reason for doubting, no time for debate—  
What Cuban would shrink from a patriot's  
fate!

Come living or dying, come weal or come woe,  
Here's a charge to the death 'gainst our every  
foe!

From East Santiago to Central St. Clare  
Dark Spain we have met and have conquered  
in war.



### 36 Song of the Cuban Soldier

Now west toward Habana and up from Rio  
The conquering flag of our Cuba shall go.

Then ho! Comrades, ho! to the battle we  
go—

Here's a tear and a stroke for our martyrs  
laid low.

By our hopes for our living and tears for  
our slain,

Up, Cubans, for war, or for freedom from  
Spain.

Here's a stroke for our Marti and brave  
Maceo—

Great martyrs for freedom by tyrant laid low.  
Here's a stroke for each warrior gone down in  
the strife,

And a stroke for each mother and sorrowing  
wife.

Here's a cheer for our leaders—by Borrero's  
fame,

By our Rivera captured and Gomez' great  
name,

Here's a welcome to dying or woundings or  
pain,

Or a freedom from dark, ever treacherous  
Spain.

Then ho! warriors, ho! to the battle we go—

Here's a tear and a stroke for our martyrs  
laid low.

By our hopes for our living and tears for our  
slain,

Up, Cubans, for war, or for freedom from  
Spain.



## Maceo

Maceo, a Cuban patriot, killed in battle, 1897.

GREETINGS, Cuba. Thou hast given  
To the earth a name immortal.  
Greetings, Cuba. Thou art earning  
Right to enter Freedom's portal.  
On yet a broader field  
Still leads thy Maceo.  
Courage, and never yield—  
Strike but the harder blow.

Courage, Cuba. Thou art earning  
For thyself a name immortal.  
Courage, Cuba. Thou art nearing  
Freedom's fair and beauteous portal.  
On honor's sacred field  
Still leads thy Maceo.  
Courage, and never yield—  
Strike but the harder blow.

Fear not, Cuba. God is working  
Out for thee a name immortal.  
Fear not, Cuba. He shall lead thee  
Full within fair Freedom's portal.  
In God's own chosen field  
Still leads thy Maceo.

Courage, and never yield—  
Strike but the harder blow.  
Bravo! Cuba. Earth is noting  
Thy earned right to name immortal.  
Bravo! Cuba. Honors wait thee



When within fair Freedom's portal.  
 On fame's exalted field  
 Still leads thy Maceo.  
 Courage, and never yield—  
 Strike but the harder blow.

Fail not, Cuba. Generations  
 Proud shall speak thy name immortal,  
 And with heaving bosoms thank thee  
 For thy fight through Freedom's portal.  
 On glory's radiant field  
 Still leads thy Maceo.  
 Courage, and never yield—  
 Strike but the harder blow.

---

## Greece

1897

GRECIA, hail thee!  
 From thy plains of Marathon  
 Famed Miltiades, thy son,  
 Drove the invading Persians out to sea.  
 And on fair Salamis bay,  
 And on old Plataea's day,  
 Thou didst carve a way for Liberty.  
 So let courage nerve thy arm,  
 Come thee weal or come thee harm.  
 Thou hast yet a mission to fulfill—  
 Let the old-time fervor rouse thee still.

Grecia, hail thee!  
 Sons of thy heroic sires



Lit again earth's patriot fires  
When Bozzaris cheered his Suliote band.  
And on thy Boeotia's plain  
Saber stroke and iron rain  
Drove th' blood-guilty Moslem off thy land.  
So let valor nerve thy arm,  
Come thee weal or come thee harm.  
Dare thou yet thy mission to fulfill—  
Let the old-time ardor fire thee still.

Grecia, hail thee!  
Once off old Euboea's coast  
Ocean's fierce tumultuous host  
Stormed and wrecked thy enemy's great fleet.  
Once where Navarino lowers,  
Europe's strong puissant powers  
Strengthened thee thine enemies to meet.  
So let faith impel thy arm,  
Come thee weal or come thee harm.  
Stand thou firm thy duty to fulfill—  
Let the old-time purpose guide thee still.

Grecia, hail thee!  
Greed and sordid love of gold  
For a season may uphold  
Murderous Turk and reign of cruel laws.  
Yet the powers of earth and heaven  
Soon or later shall be given  
To thine own and Candia's righteous cause.  
So to thy great name be true,  
Dare to plan and dare to do.  
Heaven shall be thy sure defender still—  
So shalt thou accomplish Heaven's high will.



## Soldiers of The Army Blue

Read at the dedication of Hillside Cemetery and Soldiers' Monument, Minneapolis, on Memorial Day, 1897.

SOLDIERS, comrades, tried and true,  
Standing here in line this day;  
And soldiers of the army blue  
Who have fallen by the way—  
Here we dedicate to you  
Resting place from every earthly fray,  
Resting place in earth's kind common clay.

On this consecrated earth  
Here we raise a monument  
To the memory of your worth.  
Since God's voice from heaven was sent  
Forth that Freedom should have birth,  
Armies to juster battle never went,  
Mankind in grander victory hath never found  
content.

It is meet that ye who stood  
Side by side on war's red plain,  
Battling for your country's good,  
At the last might form again  
Side by side as soldiers should;  
Side by side, and free from toil or pain,  
Peaceful and satisfied, in your own sure domain.

Here shall ponder o'er your fame  
Generations yet unborn.  
They shall read each soldier's name,  
And shall talk of fields uptorn



## Soldiers of the Army Blue 41

In the storm of smoke and flame  
Where ye stood and battled, that the morn  
A happier day might bring to captive race  
forlorn.

Standing on this sacred soil,  
Generations yet to be  
Here shall speak of your grim toil,  
And together shall agree  
That whether peace or whether moil,  
In this your land and theirs shall still dwell  
liberty,  
And still on high shall float the Old Flag of  
the Free.

Here and on such burial ground  
Seed of patriotism lies,  
Potent as the light profound  
Searching earth and starry skies.  
From each separate soldier's mound  
Ever and always shall a power arise,  
Making more glorious and still more secure  
the Old Flag as it flies.

O'er the Nation's soldier dust  
Men shall cast aside their fears,  
As they think of Freedom's trust  
Saved through struggle; pain and tears;  
And when wrong rises, if it must,  
They too shall stand for justice till the foul  
wrong disappears,  
And right shall be final monarch through the  
earth's unending years.



## Militarism in Schools

WAS it for this that the prophets taught  
And the Christ was crucified,  
And was it for this that the fathers fought  
And the Union soldiers died,  
That the youth of our land in their young fresh  
life  
Must be all trained for war and its bloody  
strife!

Was it for this that the world has sought  
For peace in its every clime,  
And was it for this that the Nations have  
wrought  
Advancement through ages of time,  
That the nations at last must this progress re-  
verse,  
And the earth be turned backward toward  
war's red curse!

It is patriotism, the advocates cry,  
To be done for the good of the State.  
It is barbarism, is my reply,  
And it hazards the Nation's fate.  
For the patriot forces of any land  
Are not those trained to obey command  
Without a reason why,  
But to think for themselves on which side to  
stand,



And to take their strong life in their eager  
hand,

All ready to do or to die,  
When the right is assailed, or when justice in  
need  
Is asking release from the toils of greed.

Were the patriotic sires that of old unfurled  
The Stars and Stripes to the air,  
And fought the dread Lion of the world  
Till he crept to his distant lair—  
Were those stern patriots trained in their  
schools  
For the battle's surge and in war's red rules?

Were the men of the Union who marched to  
the front,  
When the Flag went down at the South,  
Swift forming for war and the battle's brunt,  
And the charge at the cannon's mouth—  
Were these men taught in their school boy  
days  
Of the arts of war and the soldier's ways?

They were taught of fairness and truth and  
right,  
As they stood at their mothers' knees;  
Of the voice of conscience and duty's might,  
And the justice of God's decrees.  
They were taught of Freedom and its behests,  
As they sat at their teachers' feet;  
Of loyalty and its requests,  
And the doom that a wrong must meet—



## 44      Militarism in Schools

But not one formula, line or word  
Of the soldier's step or the use of the sword.

Yet these were the men who sprang into line  
In multitudes in a cause divine ;  
Who leaped to the call of their country to arms,  
And laughed at dire danger and war's alarms ;  
Who wheeled into line by division and corps,  
And straight into battle the Old Flag bore ;  
Who cared naught for dying and nothing for  
    pain,  
So the Old Flag might float o'er its ramparts  
    again—  
These, these were the men who sprang into the  
    strife,  
And fought to the death for the Nation's life,  
And who ne'er lost their faith or from battle  
    refrained  
Till their cause was triumphant and righteous-  
    ness reigned.

It is righteousness maketh a nation great,  
    And a firmness in its cause ;  
Not serried ranks, or tactics of hate,  
    Or military laws.  
Let us not turn the thoughts of the Nation at  
    large  
To the swift leaping sword and the bayonet  
    charge ;  
Let the earth and the nations of earth still look  
Toward the plow's peaceful share and the prun-  
    ing hook.



# Mayn't We Do It, Mamma England?

1896



**M**AYN'T we do it, mamma England,  
Mayn't we have our silver coined?  
If you'd only let us, mamma,  
We would like to have it joined  
With our gold to make our money,  
Mamma, as we used to do,  
'Fore you said we shouldn't, mamma,  
And you didn't want us to.



If you'd only let us, mamma,  
We would join our silver ore,  
That we dig from our own mountains,  
With our gold, and have once more  
Honest silver dollars, mamma,  
And gold dollars honest, too,  
Won't you let us, mamma England,  
Do it as we ought to do?  
Mayn't we do it, mamma England?  
Millions of our toiling men  
Are begging, pleading, crying, praying  
For the old times back again.  
Millions of them, mamma England,  
And they're suffering worse and worse,  
Under England's withering, blighting,  
Greed-begot gold standard curse.  
There is them that says that Uncle  
Samuel ought to act alone,  
When he knows a thing is righteous,  
And not wait for any throne.  
But they're naughty, mamma, awful,  
And we others swing our hat,  
And yells out "You anarchist!"  
And every other thing like that.  
Mayn't we do it, mamma, mayn't we  
Open up our mints again,  
And get out some silver dollars?  
And then see the gold, like rain,  
Pouring out to meet the silver  
In investments—building mills,  
Starting workshops and enlarging,  
Not a factory standing still!



No more making of the debtors  
Paying double what they ought;  
No more thousands suiciding  
'Cause they lost the homes they bought!  
No more cursings 'gainst the Government  
'Cause it's done an awful wrong!  
No more tears and wails and moaning,  
Where there should be joy and song!  
All the spindles whizzing, whirring,  
All the mill wheels whirling round;  
Laborers and farmers pushing,  
Miners digging under ground;  
Children happy, women hopeful,  
Men o'er joyful labors bent,  
And thanking God that they are living  
In an honest government.  
We've been doing as you said, ma,  
Doing awful, mamma, too;  
Crushing out the common people  
Just to benefit the few.  
Mayn't we coin our silver, mamma,  
Do the right thing all around,  
To the bankers and the laborers,  
And the tillers of the ground?  
There's a story how that Uncle  
Samuel once had lots of vim,  
And he cut himself right loose and  
Hit back when you hit at him.  
But he's littler now days, ma, and  
Doing as you tell him to;  
Won't you let us coin our silver,  
Mamma, as we ought to do?



## The Mills of God

A CROWN and a kingdom, a scepter and throne,

And a king in his affluence ruling alone.

His England is his, and the blending airs ring  
With the shouts of the multitude calling him  
king.

The round earth is orb'd with his foreign estates,

Right royal his subjects, propitious the fates.

His realms send him tribute with every breeze,  
And his navy is mistress of earth's rolling  
seas.

Not enough! cries the king. Hither, vassal  
and lord.

Let the tolls be increased, though enforced  
by the sword.

Tax, levy and raise; to the uttermost drain  
The labor and trade of each foreign domain—  
Unto them be the burden, to England the  
gain.

Shall the king be estopped or restrained in  
his reign!

Strong might is our guide, standing firm at the  
helm,

And the king of the isle is the lord of his  
realm.



Lordly king followed king, royal stroke fol-  
 lowed stroke,  
 While the Colonies bent their strained necks  
 to the yoke.  
 Then up rose the form of strong justice, and  
 then  
 The legions of righteousness gathered amain.  
 Then red flowed the blood of the vassals, and  
 then  
 The realm of the monarch was severed in  
 twain;  
 While from out the strong strife and the king's  
 thwarted plan  
 A nation was born bearing justice to man.  
 "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind  
 exceeding small."

A nation upsprung on the earth's virgin sod,  
 Pure formed and strong framed as the hand-  
 work of God.  
 The New World is hers, and in every state  
 Round the full orb of earth men are calling her  
 great.  
 Her broad realm is fertile, her enterprise free,  
 Her great ships of commerce sail every sea.  
 To her shores come strong toilers from every  
 land,  
 Wealth, honor and glory are hers to command.  
 Not enough! cry the rulers. Here, Congress  
 and courts,  
 Give the slave bearing ships legal right in our  
 ports.



Bind the black man in bondage, by law and  
decree,  
To the whites give the fruits of his dark slavery.  
To the black man the toil, to the white man  
the gain.  
Shall the lords of the land be estopped in their  
reign!  
What reck we of justice or right in our realm—  
Strong might is our right; let it stand at the  
helm.

In fear and despondency, scourgings and tears,  
The black man toiled on through the slow  
rolling years.  
Then justice stalked forth to the battle, and  
then  
The legions of righteousness formed on the  
plain.  
Then loud roared the storm of God's ven-  
geance, and then  
The chains of the bondman were severed in  
twain;  
While from out the fierce strife and war's with-  
ering blight  
Stepped the Nation, war purged, into Free-  
dom's full light.  
"The mills of God grind slowly, but they  
grind exceeding small."

A nation upsprung on the earth's virgin sod,  
Pure formed and strong framed as the hand-  
work of God.



## The Mills of God 51

A nation established on Liberty's plan,  
Peace tried and war purged, bearing justice  
to man.

Her freedmen are singing their jubilee song,  
The tongues of all nations her praises prolong.  
Honest toil has requital, just wealth its fair  
gains,  
Glad thrift is rejoicing, prosperity reigns.

Not enough! cry the few. Here, adherent and  
tool,

Give to wealth the advantage, let mammon  
have rule.

Strike silver to earth, make the currency  
less—

To the rich be the gain, to the toilers the  
stress.

Foster trusts and monopolies, rings and com-  
bines—

Strong might is our power, let it govern our  
lines.

Let the poor nurse their wrath, "To the victor  
the spoil."

Unto us be the gain, unto others the toil.

Dispossessed and defeated, deprived of its  
meed,

Baffled toil struggles on through the long reign  
of greed.

Then justice arouses her legions, and then  
The cohorts of righteousness form once again.  
Then monopoly, ring, sordid combine and  
trust,



Overwhelmed and destroyed, are cast down to  
the dust;

While the Nation, once more, with its flag in  
the van

Of the forces of Right, upholds justice toward  
man.

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they  
grind exceeding small."

Thank God for the faith that is in us,

That He in His righteousness reigns.

Thank God that the struggles of nations

Have ended in Liberty's gains.

Thank God for the hope and the promise

That evil, though drear it may be,

Ever hastens the day when in very truth

The children of men shall be free.



## “I Have Saved to Myself Seven Thousand Men”

I have saved to myself seven thousand men who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal.—*Rom. XI., 4.*

**I** have saved to myself seven thousand men—  
Ho! watchmen on Liberty's tower;  
Oh! soldiers for Truth in humanity's cause,  
Overcome by the enemy's power—  
Hear ye the averment from Israel's God,  
Whose justice shall ever prevail,  
I have saved to myself seven thousand men  
Who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

Seven thousand men hath he saved to himself,  
Each warrior inured to the strain  
And the toil of the conflict—unseen they shall  
come  
To their work on the struggling plain.  
Seven thousand strong they shall hasten in  
line,  
Their leader the Captain of Light,  
Unseen they shall haste, and with allies unseen,  
To strengthen the forces of Right.

A strong wind shall blow from the east, and a  
host  
Shall perish beyond recall;  
A low blast of horns shall drift out on the air,



54      Seven Thousand Men

And the walls of a city shall fall.  
A river shall turn, and a tyrant king  
And his armored host shall be slain ;  
An angel shall call, and the crucified Christ  
Shall rise from the dead again.

Unseen they shall aid on a mountain pass,  
And a peasantry shall be free ;  
Unseen they shall give to a peasant maid  
A marvelous victory ;  
Unseen on a meadow they shall stand—  
No battle need there be,  
But a quaking king shall accord to the isle  
A charter of liberty.

I have saved to myself seven thousand men,  
Says the Lord of the centuries ;  
I have saved to myself seven thousand men,  
To execute my decrees.  
I have saved to myself seven thousand men—  
Think ye that earth's progress shall fail !  
I have saved to myself seven thousand men,  
Who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

And still he shall save seven thousand men  
Of such as shall never quail ;  
Or whether in camp or the battle's surge,  
They shall not bow the knee to Baal.  
And still he shall save seven thousand men  
For the succor of those in distress,  
And over the hills their strong allies shall come  
To further His righteousness.



And still they shall move o'er the continents,  
 And on to the struggling plains;  
 And still they shall strive, and their conquer-  
 ing strokes  
 Shall sever the bondman's chains.  
 And still they shall strengthen the forces of  
 Right,  
 And still they shall win the day;  
 And evil shall perish and wrongs be o'erthrown,  
 And justice shall conquer alway.

---

## Brotherhood

And hath made of one blood all nations of men.—  
*Acts 17:26.*

I SEEN a feller in town one day,  
 An' he was a furriner, bent and gray.  
 An' I sez, sez I to myself, sez I,  
 I wonders jest how I would feel if I  
 Was the other feller a journeyin' by.  
 Fer I knew that he hadn't a thing to say  
 Regardin' his place of nativity,  
 Or on this or the other side of the sea,  
 Or a comin' into the world at all.  
 An' I felt like givin' the feller a call,  
 An' a sayin' to him that if I could be he  
 It might be perhaps an improvement on me.



I seen a feller a workin' his trade,  
An' his skin was as black as the ace o'  
spades.  
An' I sez, sez I to myself, sez I,  
He is in the world and a journeyin' by,  
An' he speaks of himself jest as I does, as I.  
An' I knew that his color was made as 'twas  
made,  
An' he hadn't no choice as to color of skin,  
Or of birth place or race or the hue of his kin,  
Or a comin' into the world at all.  
An' I felt like givin' the feller a call,  
An' a sayin' Hello! an' a cheer word or two,  
To help him along on the journey through.

I seen a feller of darkish tan,  
An' he was a regular Mussulman man.  
An' I sez, sez I to myself, sez I,  
If I was that feller and he was I  
I'd be carryin' his religion by.  
Fer I knew that a feller learns jest as he can,  
An' he hadn't no choice of persuasion to be  
Instilled into him at his mother's knee,  
Or a comin' into the world at all.  
An' I felt like givin' the feller a call,  
An' a sayin' to him, I likes this song—  
We are brothers all as we journey along.



## So Be It, If So It Must Be

A question is never settled until it is settled right.  
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE silver question is dead—  
So be it, if so it must be.

But I say to you this: If the statement is true,  
Earth will see to it soon that your gold shall  
go too;

For alone your lone gold is too selfish and  
dread

To rule over men that are free.

If the silver question is dead,

Then the death of your treasured gold  
Is as certain as God-spoken edict of fate.  
For your gold has the power to make desolate;  
And where freemen are born and where free-  
men are bred,

Its story shall soon be told.

Go, herald it as ye may,

When silver was struck from the list  
Of the metals on which all our values were  
built,

Dark and dire was the crime and most heinous  
the guilt

Of the self-centered plotters that then had their  
way—

All mute the transaction, and whist.



Not alone shall your lone gold stand.

When you dealt at fair silver your blow,  
In your foul artifice to increase your own  
horde,

Then the ire of Right's wrath full against you  
was stored,

And you struck at your gold with your own  
low hand,

At your gold, though you did not know.

And so let it be as it may,

But this you may know to be true :

If silver is stricken no more to arise,

Then as certain as Justice rules under the skies,  
Your gold shall soon follow where you showed  
the way,

And shall lie where our silver lies.

And neither silver nor gold,

Nor both, as in years that are gone,

Shall be measure of values ; but Mercy shall  
find,

In affectionate fairness and love of mankind,  
A measure as yet unrevealed and untold,

On a day of glorious dawn.



## Ez It Wuz in Sixty-three

1898

I ain't bin a cheerin' myself out hoarse  
In th' war agin cripple Spain ;  
En all Cuba asked wuz belig'rent rights,  
En I'm goin' t' talk it plain.  
En all Cuba asked wuz belig'rent rights,  
En a chance t' win out en be free ;  
En it isn't a war unavoidable,  
Ez it wuz in sixty-three.

Jest a chance fer herself, thet wuz all Cuba  
asked,  
En she didn't ask us t' take part ;  
En I ain't bin a cheerin' th' Nation t' war  
With any kind o' heart.  
But th' country iz callin' t' arms, I'll allow,  
En I reckon it's callin' fer me ;  
En I'll shoulder my musket en go t' th' front,  
Ez I did in sixty-three.

Fer the questions right now 'r th' two on th'  
sky,  
Where everybody kin see,  
Whether starvin' o' wimmin en children shell  
stop,  
En Cuba shell be free.  
En I've stopped o' thinkin' o' other things,



## 60 Ez It Wuz in Sixty-three

En these 'r enough fer me,  
En I'll wrastle agin in th' struggle o' war,  
Ez I did in sixty-three.

En, Johnnie, I likes thet old shoulder o' yourn  
A touchin' o' mine on th' right;  
'N I'd 'nough sight ruther you'd be 't my side  
Than a frontin' me in a fight.  
En there ain't no nation on top o' th' airth  
Et kin ever whip you en me,  
Ef we're fightin' ez one, en a fightin' ez hard  
Ez we did in sixty-three.

En this iz one o' th' outcomes I sees  
In th' war agin cripple Spain,  
Thet th' Empire o' Freedom, in union o'  
thought,  
Shell grow strong in her own domain.  
En th' soldiers o' Ginerals Sherman en Grant,  
En those o' Jackson en Lee,  
'Ll rivet th' land into closer bonds  
Than it's hed sence sixty-three.



# When the War Is Over

1898

HERE, McKinley, is to you,  
Till the war is over;  
Cast aside is adverse view,  
Till the war is over.  
U. C. V. and G. A. R.,  
Sires and sons abreast in war,  
Soldiers each or gallant tar,  
Till the war is over.

Here, McKinley, is our hand,  
Till the war is over;  
Heart and soul, you understand,  
Till the war is over.  
G. A. R. and U. C. V.,  
Sire and son from sea to sea  
Vow that Cuba shall be free,  
When the war is over.

Here, McKinley, at your side,  
Till the war is over,  
Stem we with you war's rough tide,  
Till the war is over.  
North and South and East and West,  
Every man will do his best,  
Tense of arm and bare of breast,  
Till the war is over.



62    When the War is Over

Then, when Cuba shall be free,  
    And the war is over,  
As of old we'll ask of thee,  
    When the war is over,  
Why our own men writhe in pain,  
Why our silver has been slain,  
And why greed and combines reign,  
    When the war is over.



## Them Greenbacks

I T may be thet I ain't bin edecated  
Sufficenter, er mor'n the law allows;  
En possible thet understandin' money  
Ain't possible to one thet follers plows;  
En possible thet int'rest feenanceerers  
Sh'd fix th' hull thing up fer me en you;  
En possible thet them old army greenbacks  
Wuz tarnal things sence eighteen sixty-two.

En per'aps I'm not a "expert" in th' science  
O' puttin' jobs up on th' Gove'nment,  
En makin' ov it pay its debts in money  
Jest doubled up in val'e sence 'twas lent.  
En possible I wouldn't be jest handy  
In takin' money thet wuz runnin' square,  
En turnin' it t' int'rest bonds, en foolin'  
Th' toilin' millions t' believe 'twas fair.

But what I sees I knows, I kind o' reckon,  
Ez well ez them whose minds run on their  
pelf,  
En plan their schemes agin th' State en Nation,  
En how t' take frum you en add t' self.  
En I hev seen th' old greenback on trial,  
Where gold en silver both hed slunk t' rear,  
En patriot hearts wuz darin' storm o' battle,  
En never yit wuz seen a feenanceer.



En there with stars ez bright ez noonday  
shinin'

Old Glory floated o'er the cannon's glare;  
En there wuz thet old greenback, strong en  
steddy,

A holdin' Glory in th' pulsin' air.  
En there it held it, in th' storm en roarin',  
Patient ez mountains iz t' bear their load,  
En bringin' arms en sust'nance to th' armies  
In their advancin' on th' for'ard road.

I say, it staid there—thet old army greenback—  
When gold en silver both hed slunk t' rear,  
'N it bore th' Nation's armies through t' glory  
Without th' help o' any feenanceer.  
En simply 'cause it's strong, er I'm mistaken,  
T' help in times o' war, er toil, er need,  
En costs th' 'Nation nuthin' fer its service,  
Its death iz called fer by th' vampire greed.

En I've a notion thet th' feenanceerers  
'Ll find their schemes come t' a sudden end,  
Some mornin' 'arly when th' voters ans'ers  
Thet thet old greenback iz th' Nation's  
friend.

En I've a notion thet in earth's progression,  
En man's conditions thet 'r yit t' be,  
Thet slavery t' gold 'll be uprooted,  
Ez wuz th' old time slavery o' sixty-three.



## Their Understanding How Slow

And Pharaoh said, Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? *Exodus V—2.*

**H**OW dull are the ears of the Pharaohs,  
And their understanding how slow,  
When the voice of the Lord sounds alarm o'er  
the earth

That they let His people go!  
Ears have they to hear, but they ever hear not;  
Eyes have they, and yet they are blind,  
When the roar and the flash of the storm of  
God's wrath  
Gather near on the hurrying wind.

Lo! the people are vain, say the Pharaohs,  
Let them labor henceforth without straw;  
Their plaint prayers shall be void and their  
burdens increased,

And the scourge shall accomplish the law—  
Down into the seas rush the kings and their  
hosts,

To their uttermost overthrow,  
And the Lord, it is He that hath ruled o'er the  
earth,  
And hath let His people go.



## 66 Understanding How Slow

Ever, Who is the Lord, say the Pharaohs,  
That I should obey His command?  
I regard not the Lord, say the Pharaohs,  
Or the strength of His arm in the land—  
Lo! the plagues gather fast in their desolate  
realms,  
And the rivers are turned into blood;  
And kings and their captains and charioteers  
Are engulfed in the deep rushing flood.

Ever whether the black man is scourged in his  
chains,  
Or the white in his toil-circled world,  
In the storm of God's wrath are the people  
released,  
And the standard of right is unfurled.  
Ever whether enslaved be the bodies of men,  
Or the fruits of their toil where they sow,  
The Lord God of justice shall rule o'er the  
earth,  
And shall let His people go.



## In the Voting Booth

HERE I weigh the declarations,  
And the purposes of men ;  
Here I view the trend of nations,  
Summoning all my powers of ken.  
Not in sordid disposition  
Shall I act this day my part,  
But that favorable transition  
May give hope to human heart.

Cannon shot and bullet's rattle  
Men have dared for you and me ;  
Sires and sons have faced the battle,  
That their country might be free.  
High above all prostitution  
Must I act my part, in truth ;  
Party zeal or vile pollution  
Shall not rule this blood bought booth.

Get thee, Satan, far behind me ;  
Worlds or kingdoms shall not win,  
Coupled with a vow to bind me  
Here to servitude of sin.  
Unimpelled by motives pelfish,  
Shall this vote of mine be cast ;  
Action here shall be unselfish  
As the race of man is vast.



## 68 In the Voting Booth

Sacred this as last transaction—  
Last, indeed, for ought I know;  
Here's for Right a benefaction,  
And for Wrong its overthrow.  
Holy ground where prophet tarries  
At the bush on Horeb's soil;  
Hallowed this, where patriot carries  
Woe or weal for human toil.

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### Elizabeth Harley

"Cleveland, July 28, 1898. A shocking case of destitution has just come to light here through the death of Elizabeth Harley, aged 15, at 49 Merkel Ave., whose demise, according to the coroner, was caused by starvation. Her mother has been driven insane for lack of food, the father is in a still more pitiable condition, and three other children of the family are nearly dead. Wm. Harley, the father, has been out of work the past year and a half, and has been too proud to ask for help."  
—*From the Minneapolis Times.*

**E**LIZABETH HARLEY, aged fifteen,  
In the gold standard, trust governed  
times;  
As fair as the morning's radiant sheen,  
In the trust standard, gold governed times;  
In Cleveland, Ohio, on Merkel Street,  
Where the incoming cargoes of merchandise  
meet  
The broad acres growing with aliment sweet—  
Elizabeth Harley, dead; starved to death at  
the age of fifteen—



Hush! Bring out the bier and the winding  
sheet,  
In the trust standard, gold governed times.

The mother, near death, is insane,  
In the gold standard, trust governed times.  
Crazed for food in the midst of earth's nurtur-  
ing grain,  
In the trust standard, gold governed times.  
Her three children dying and one child dead—  
One at rest, and the others still crying for  
bread;  
Oh! hunger racked body and grief tortured  
head—  
Elizabeth Harley, dead; the mother, near death,  
is insane—  
Peace! Hurry the crazed to her dungeon dread,  
In the trust standard, gold governed times.

The father, demented with grief,  
In the gold standard, trust governed times;  
Baffled always, in every attempt for relief,  
In the trust standard, gold governed times.  
Full a year and a half, with keen zest and  
strong heart,  
He had asked in the toil of the world to take  
part,  
And was ever denied in each trust governed  
mart—  
Elizabeth Harley, dead; the other three chil-  
dren, dying; the mother, insane; the  
father, demented with grief—



Silence! Anarchist who from such rule would  
depart,

In the trust standard, gold governed times!

Oh! suffering ones of the earth, gather  
strength,

In the gold standard, trust governed times.

If ye will, ye may cast out the demon, at  
length,

Of the trust standard, gold governed times.

If ye will, ye may say that no toiler shall shirk,

But for those that would labor the earth shall  
give work,

And for him that would live by his toil there  
shall lurk

No hindrance of gold governed, trust stand-  
ard times,

Or of law enthroned greed, more inhuman than  
Turk,

Ruling high in its trust governed, gold stand-  
ard times.



## He's Bad

"In one of the most brilliant campaigns ever recorded on the pages of history, on land and sea," etc., etc.—*Orators, exchanges, and statesmen innumerable*, referring to the war against Spain. (Fall of 1898.)

### Uncle Sam Soliloquises

ONCE I fought a great fight, and I'll say it myself—

A fight with my own kith and kin.  
And he stood there full grown, and was blood  
of my blood,

And neither one knew which would win.  
And his lithe limbs were strong as the storm  
strengthened oak,

And as springy as hickory bow;  
And whether the strife was for him or for me,  
No one of a truth could know.

And his sinewy form knit with muscles of steel,  
Stood straight as the tall mountain pine;  
And no one could say how the struggle would  
turn,

Or the battle be his or mine.  
And his gray eye looked straight into mine, eye  
to eye,

And there wasn't a quaver of fear;  
And I wouldn't have risked the fierce fight that  
was on,

If my duty had not been clear.



Blade for blade, stroke for stroke, man to man,  
    life for life,  
And I knew it, but duty was clear.

Then we out with our weapons, keen tempered  
    in fire,

And the toil and the struggle began.  
Woundings, bleedings and pain, rallies, parries  
    and thrusts,

As the years in their courses ran.  
Over valleys and plains, and out onto the sea,  
    Back and forth, as we yielded or pressed,  
The battle line ran, blade for blade, stroke for  
    stroke,

From the East to the sunset's West.  
Woundings, bleedings and pain, rallies, parries  
    and thrusts,

Strokes, wardings, and bated breath,  
As the rolling of spheres numbered off the sad  
    years,

And we pressed the fierce fight to the death.  
I say that was a fight that would test a man's  
    might,

And his courage, and faith in his God,  
And I had it to do, for the Red, White and  
    Blue,

And to banish a curse off earth's sod.

But of late I have threshed an enfeebled old  
    man,

And I did it without a wince—  
It was three hundred years since he stood in  
    his strength,



And he'd been growing weak ever since.  
And I'm bad! Yi! I'm bad! I'm the hurri-  
cane's wrath,

And a typhoonese cyclonic whirl!  
And don't camp on my trail! I'm a dangerous  
man,

And I'll twist you up into a twirl!  
I'm a one-eyed Cyclopean strip-ed gazelle,  
And the wooly giraffe of the plains,  
And I paw up the earth of the continents,  
And I chank up the mountain chains—  
Either this, or the talkers are talking fool talk  
Of the way I have come by my gains.  
I'm the wooly wild wool of the earth's wooly  
West,

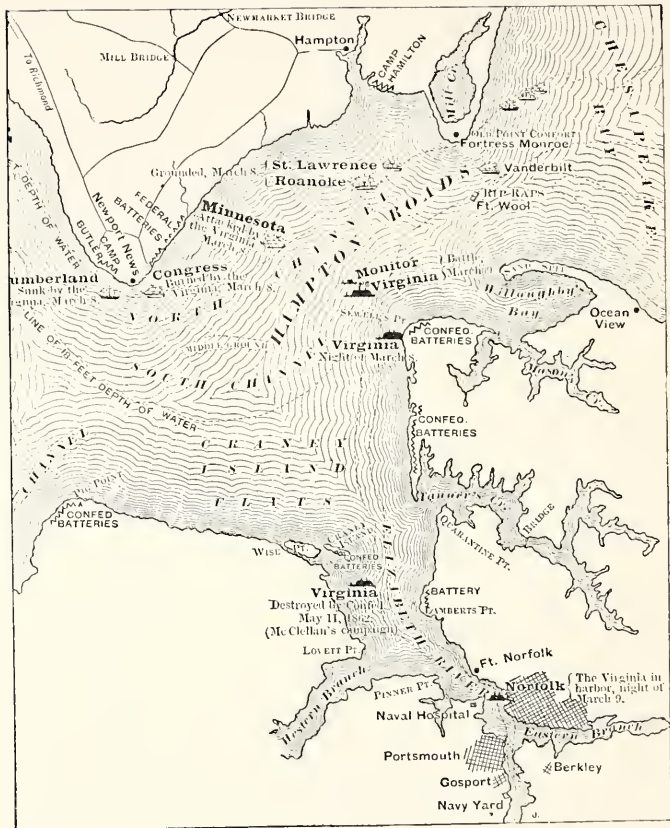
And a million ton Mauser gun—  
Either this, or the talkers are talking fool talk  
Of the fight I have recently won.

I am thankful myself that my own house again  
Is united, and fighting for me;  
And I'm glad that the heart of the Nation was  
touched,

And Cuba is to be free.  
All honor and praise to the men of the war,  
Laudations and cheers and all that.  
But the man that I whipped little Cuba had  
whipped

Till he didn't know "where he was at;"  
And of glory for me there's a talking of talk,  
And a talking of talk through a hat.





MONITOR AND VIRGINIA IN HAMPTON ROADS  
 From Goff's *The United States and Her Neighbors*



## John Ericsson

JOHN ERICSSON, he of the stern Northern  
land,

Where the Baltic and Bothnia bathe the grim  
strand.

John Ericsson, he of the rude Northman blood,  
Whose Gardar and Erickson dared the rough  
flood

Of the Northern Atlantic a half thousand years  
Ere the keel of the Genoese coped with its  
fears.

Of Sweden was he of the engineer's fame,  
Whose triumphs exalted humanity's name.  
Of Sweden was he of the physicist's skill,  
Whose thoughts pierced the secrets of nature  
until

The round orb of earth gave him homage, and  
right

Was armored anew with great Ericsson's  
might.

John Ericsson, he of the patriot heart,  
When treason was rending our Union apart;  
John Ericsson, he of the fiber of oak,  
Whose soul grew the stronger the harder the  
stroke.

It was he, living under the old Stripes and  
Stars,

When the racked Ship of State, now aground  
on the bars,

And anon hoisted high on the surge, and again



Deep buried and prone in the troughs of the  
main,  
In the storm and the red fire of war—it was he  
Whose soul met the tempest right gloriously;  
Who fashioned the rescuing craft, and dis-  
persed  
The cohorts of ire, and the old Ship, immersed  
In the depths of despair, rose triumphant to be  
Once again, as of old, the proud queen of the  
sea.

Now build ye a statue to John Ericsson,  
In the land rendered free by the great Wash-  
ington.

Now build ye a statue to Scandia's son,  
And the Old World's and New World's united  
in one.

Let it stand where the tides of humanity beat,  
And the throngs of the city and country folks  
meet;

Where the voice of the Laughing of Waters  
calls

To the echoing thunders of Anthony's falls—  
At the heart of the continent let its fair form  
Arise to the sunshine and pierce the dread  
storm;

Where the land stretches far and the Western  
winds blow,

And the Father of Waters is rolling below.

Lay firm its foundation, and build ye thereon

The features and form of the great Ericsson;

In majesty build it high into the air,

And name ye the site for it Ericsson Square.



# The United States

1899

TH' United States of Amerikee—

I hev grown kind o' used t' thet name,  
you see,

En I've bin jest ez proud ez a feller could be  
Uv Old Uncle Sam en uv this countree,  
En th' Red, White en Blue uv th' Flag uv th'  
Free.

But I can't figger out jest how Manillee,  
On th' other side uv th' world frum me,  
En a lyin' off shore frum old Ashiee,  
Kin be part uv th' States uv Amerikee.

Th' United States uv Amerikay—

I hev grown kind o' used t' thet name, I say,  
En fer it I'd wrastle er fight er pray.  
En I've stood on th' red field uv war in my day,  
A holdin' Old Glory up thar in a fray.

But I hevn't got used t' thet Manillay,  
Ner t' campin' on patriots' right uv way,  
En a holdin' uv strugglin' peoples at bay  
En a takin' their liberties away.

Th' United States uv Ameriky—

Frum th' Fourth o' July t' etarnity,  
En its eagle a screamin' earth's jubily—  
Thet's why I've bin shoutin' fer this country,  
En a cheerin' its doctrines en soldiery.

But I hevn't got used t' thet Manilly,  
Ner th' usin' uv cannon en musketry  
In takin' frum peoples their liberty  
In th' name uv our God en Christianity.



## Old Jim Jones Mus' Stop th' Fight

1899

OLD Judge Crane en other neighbors,  
Out here in this neck uv woods,  
'R a talkin' 'bout Sam Simpson's\*  
Fightin' fer Jim Jones's† goods,  
Whar old Johnson‡ fust wuz fightin';  
En they'r arguin' this en that,  
En I'm tryin' t' show 'em eesy  
Jest egzactly whar they'r at.

Ef Jim Jones 'r fightin' Johnson  
Fer Jim Jones's homestead right,  
En Sam Simpson buys out Johnson,  
*Aint Sam got a right t' fight?*  
Some folks talks about sound logic,  
En they wouldn't know th' thing  
Ef they'd see it comin' crosslots,  
Footin' it er on th' wing.

Me en old Judge Crane agrees thet  
Fightin' Johnson's good enough,  
But thet thet same kind uv fightin'  
'G'in Sam Simpson's different stuff.  
En we says thet them thet's sayin'  
Thet ther' aint no difference,  
Aint got hearts enuff fer patriots,  
En 'r lackin' common sense.



## Mus' Stop th' Fight 79

But Lige Cranks he's kind o' bothersome—

Says ef he wuz in th' race,  
He'd fight Sam'z he would old Johnson,  
Long ez Sam wuz on th' place.  
En he says thet change uv masters  
Izn't home en liberty,  
Eny more than three times two iz  
Different frum two times three.

En he says thet Jones's woman'z  
Goin' t' lend a helpin' hand,  
Seein'z how her husband's pelted  
Some'at more than he kin stand.  
Gosh! he says, thet's like Moll Pitcher,  
'At he heard uv onct in town,  
Standin' where her husband fell en  
Rammin' cannon ca'tridge down.

But th' Jedge en me we hollers  
"Who'z a goin' t' hall it down!"  
When old Lige he tries t' argy,  
En we beats him all aroun'.  
En ther' aint no use a talkin',  
Old Jim Jones mus' stop th' fight,  
Fer Sam Simpson'z bought uv Johnson  
Jones's home en homestead right.

\*United States. †Philippines. ‡Spain.



# The Nations Will Pass Us By

If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen loathsome ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by and will win for themselves the domination of the world.—*An Orator at Chicago, April, 1899.*

THERE, out on the isles of a distant  
sea—

“The nations will pass us by!”

Is a brown man in battle for liberty—

“The nations will pass us by!”

Mark ye his lithe limbs and his toil-hardened  
form,

Lo! he bares his dark breast to the gathering  
storm;

Thrust for thrust, stroke for stroke, where the  
war demons swarm—

“The nations will pass us by!”

There are schoolhouses there on those isles  
of the sea—

“The nations will pass us by!”

Lo! the lessons are breathing of liberty,  
And the dying of men that their land may be  
free—

“The nations will pass us by!”



Forward, horsemen and foot! and be swift,  
cannoneer!—

Dark children are flying in terror and fear,  
Dark fathers give battle for all that is dear,  
Woundings, carnage and dying, and all that is  
drear—

“The nations will pass us by!”

There are church buildings there on those  
isles of the sea—

“The nations will pass us by!”

Lo! the people, dark people, on low bended  
knee,

Are offering prayer to the one Deity—

“The nations will pass us by!”

Lord God of the earth, cleanse our hearts of all  
guiles.

God of seas and of nations and earth's distant  
isles,

In our dark hour of woe we petition Thy  
throne;

As our cause it is just wilt Thou make it Thine  
own.

As Thy rains raised the swift rolling waters of  
Dan,

When the British pursued and Americans ran;  
As Thy waves broke the battle manned war-  
ships of Howe

Off the coast of America, so wilt Thou now,  
Our Lord and our God, raise our Pasig's dark  
wave.

As Thou hast in the past, raise Thy right arm  
to save



When a free nation battles for Freedom's just  
gains.

Lord God of our fathers, we welcome our pains,  
So that Thou shalt be pleased with our tributes  
to Thee,

And wilt grant us our nation untrammelled and  
free—

“The nations will pass us by!”

Oh! horrid the venal cry—

Forward, cannon and foot! and around up the  
bay

Sail ye warships of wrath while the islanders  
pray—

Halt! that is my cry, though I cry it alone.

And in presence of men and of God's holy  
throne

I will say that this nation is wrong, and that  
now

Is the time to give struggling islands a vow  
That our war on their battle earned freedom  
shall cease,

And that they shall have rest and the blessings  
of peace.



# The Old Man Stood at Lexington

1899

THE old man stood at Lexington,  
And he muttered, "I swan t' vum,  
But th' kind uv gove'nment fer me  
Iz th' kind thet's made at hum.  
En this old rifle 'll sing thet song,  
En this 'ere body uv mine,  
Standin' er fallin' er livin' er dead,  
Iz fer it, in storm er shine."

The young man stood at Washington,  
And he said to his colleagues, "See here,  
Those islanders never can govern themselves,  
And our duty is sunlight clear.  
We are stronger than Spain, and they cannot  
win out  
In a contest with U. S. A.  
And we'll gobble their lands and their fran-  
chises,  
And lead them in liberty's way."

The old man stood at Gettysburg,  
And he said, "I hev come here t' stay ;  
En there's only one wrong in this gove'nment,  
En thet shell be wiped away.



Say ye, What is the charge of the old Ship of  
State,  
As she touches on foreign soil?  
Does the Old Flag herald "Good will towards  
men,"  
Or "To victor belongs the spoil?"  
Say ye, What is the hope of humanity,  
And what is the Old Flag's creed?  
Is it freedom for others as for ourselves,  
Or perilous crown-tending greed?



## At The Hague

1899

IS it he of the West? Is that he, is it he,  
In his vesture of Red, White and Blue,  
That hath heralded freedom to nations and  
men,

And hath breathed it to me and you—  
Is it he standing here in this peace sanctioned  
place,  
While abroad he deals death to a struggling  
race?

Aye, aye, it is he! it is he!

Is it he of the West? is it he, is it he,  
Standing tallest of all his compeers,  
With the strength of a continent in his huge  
form,

And youngest of all in years—  
Is it he that hath come to this Congress of  
Peace,  
While enslaving yon islanders asking release?  
Aye, aye, it is he! it is he!

Is it he that declared that all men should be  
free,

*All, ALL*, in the circuit of earth,  
And in battle for glorious Liberty stood  
A giant from hour of his birth—



Is it he that hath so turned his purpose about  
That his armies are now crushing Liberty out?

Aye, aye, it is he! it is he!

Is it he that encountered in battle and storm,  
In his home o'er the billowy sea,  
The demon hurled bolts of the engines of war,

That the black man might be free—

Is it he that is now warring races of brown?

Is it he that is now striking Liberty down?

Aye, aye, it is he! it is he!

Oh! wonder of earth. Oh! surprise of the  
times.

Oh! marvel and woe of the age.

Oh! record of change, most astounding of all

Ever written on history's page—

Former hope of the world, Freedom's bulwark  
and van,

Warring now 'gainst the God given freedom of  
man!

Aye, aye, it is he! it is he!

Silence, men at The Hague! listen, ends of the  
earth!

Hear the discord and jarring of sounds—

Nations talking of peace, while old empires are  
slain

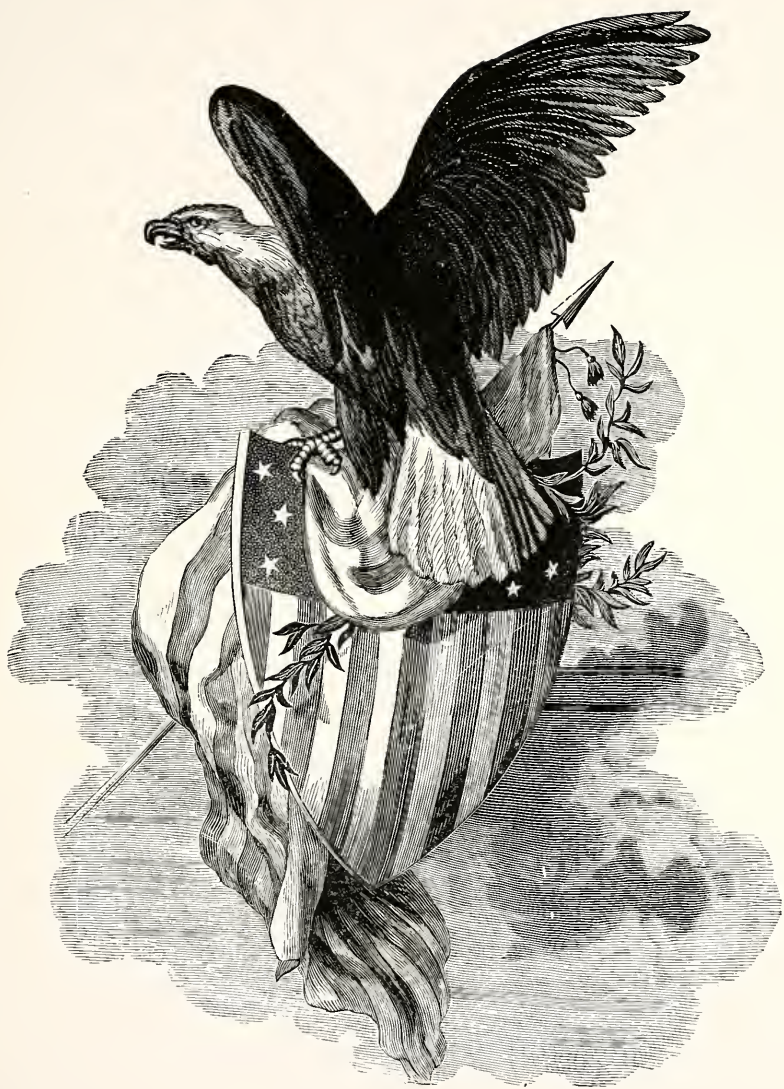
And divided in metes and bounds.

And the strongest of all—Oh! most grievous  
of sights,

Forcing isles of the seas to relinquish their  
rights!

Aye, aye, it is he! it is he!







## Thus Read The Declaration

1899

**T**HUS read the Declaration,  
On the Fourth of July of old—  
God inspired as the sayings of prophet or seer,  
In divine Revelation told.  
All men “are created equal,”  
And “of right are and ought to be free,”  
Or whether on isles or on continents,  
Or greater or less they be.

Thus read the Declaration,  
On the Nation's natal day,  
God inspired as the thought of the Crucified  
One,  
When teaching men how to pray.  
Through “consent of the governed” are gov-  
ernments—  
Oh! beauteous problem and fair,  
When the New World republic leaped forth  
into life,  
And the Old Flag was flung to the air.

Thus read the Declaration,  
The grandest that earth can know,  
And for it men gathered in battle array,  
And thousands of lives were laid low.  
And still men accounted their lives at naught,



And their pain and their woundings as good,  
And a thousand times ten gathered swift on  
the plains  
Where a thousand before had stood.

And again stood the old Declaration,  
In behalf of the rights of man,  
When across o'er the length of a continent  
The red of the battle line ran.  
Cannon, horsemen and foot, woundings, dying  
and pain,  
Widows, orphans, and moanings and tears,  
That the black man might be as unshackled  
and free  
As the white in the forthcoming years.

Oh, glorious Declaration!  
And glorious White, Blue and Red!  
When the Nation arose from the past, and at  
last  
The Old Flag meant what it said.  
All men "are created equal,"  
And "of right are and ought to be free,"  
Or whether on continent's lengthening lines,  
Or isles of a distant sea.

Once more for the old Declaration!  
And the old sort of Fourth of July!  
When a citizen dare offer service of prayer  
For the men that for Liberty die.  
Once again for the old Declaration—  
Great God, are we fallen so low



That we dare not speak out in a prayer or a  
 shout  
 For a patriot facing a foe!

Once more for the old Declaration!  
 And let the old sentences ring,  
 Of the right of the free to their Liberty  
 From President, Kaiser or King!  
 Once again for the old Declaration!  
 And for white man or black man or brown,  
 That no power has the right by the force of  
 sheer might  
 To subject a race to a crown!

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## Ez Th' Philippines Never Kin Touch

A single glance at the map is enough to show the admirable position of the Philippines as a point of rendezvous and distribution for naval and commercial operations in the East.—*A leading educator at Bankers' Association, Minneapolis, 1899.*

**R**IGHT thar whar you fust strikes th' solid  
 airth,  
 Ez you sails on the At-lan-tic;  
 Right thar at th' gates uv the Eastern world,  
 Whar th' peoples iz wonderful thick;  
 Right thar whar old England hez camped her-  
 self down,  
 Near th' Frenchmen en Germans en Dutch.  
 Iz th' place fer such tradin' performances  
 Ez th' Philippines never kin touch.



En our claim on old England iz solid ez banks,  
En ez clear ez th' trust kerosenes,  
Fer we whipped her hands down at tew differ-  
ent times,

En we aint whipped th' Philippines—  
Not ez yet, anyway; we 'r shootin' 'em down,  
Sons and fathers, en firin' on schools,  
En demolishin' churches en thet sort uv thing,  
But they aint yit acknowledged our rules.

Onct ag'in at th' atlas, good Doctor, onct more,  
En we'll see thet old England iz jest  
At th' p'int uv th' world fer a "rendezvous,"  
En a center uv trade, "East" er West.  
En ef England's "position" iz "admirable"  
Fer some cute "operations" in trade,  
Let us civilize her with a gospel uv balls,  
En a Christianized cannonade.

Sure ez one uv th' fust "leadin' powers" uv th  
airth,  
Our duty iz clear ez th' day—  
Jest th' landin' uv troops on th' Albion isle  
En commencin' t' fire away.  
En ef any one says we aint got any right  
T' th' land er th' sea er th' woods,  
We kin clinch th' hull thing by a payment in  
cash  
To a feller thet don't own th' goods.



## What For?

The recruiting officers' reports indicate an ability to supply 1,000 men a week, more than sufficient, it is believed, to meet General Otis' needs.—*Exchanges*, 1899.

ONE thousand a week—What for?  
To circle one-half of earth's billowy foam  
To slay the dark warrior contending for home;  
What for?

He had fought o'er the graves of his patriot  
slain,  
He had counted for naught his own woundings  
and pain,  
He was rescuing nobly his isles from dark  
Spain—  
Now against him the death dealing war hordes  
again,

What for?  
Now against him a thousand a week, what  
for?  
In his blood dye the war eagle's beak, what  
for?  
Will any one answer? What for?

One thousand a week—What for?  
To compass the half of earth's circling round  
To strike the dark patriot down to the  
ground—

What for?



He had risen in strength against infamous  
     laws,  
 He had battled in war in fair Liberty's cause,  
 On his isle he had given base infamy pause—  
 Out, now, with new armies and death's circling  
     saws,

What for?

Every week now a thousand more men,  
     What for?

Hurl the war engines at him again, What  
     for?

Will any one answer? What for?

One thousand a week—What for?

To call from our own land the best that we  
     have,

To fill in a strange land a soldier's lone grave,  
     What for?

In our own land we fought for our own sov-  
     ereignty,

We have founded a State grand as empire  
     could be,

Oh how fair was the Flag when the black man  
     stood free!

Form ye now into armies and sail the wide sea,  
     What for?

Every week now a thousand men more, what  
     for?

To perish in camp or in battle's loud roar,  
     what for?

Will any one answer? What for?



No sophistry here—What for?  
 A thousand a week into war's horrors sent  
 To bind on a race an adverse government,  
   What for?  
 In the isles of the East in these latest of years  
 Lo! the brown man in stroke for his freedom  
   appears—  
 Lo! from out the great West, whence he listened  
   for cheers,  
 Arms anew and against him, invasion and jeers.  
   What for?  
 Why accomplish this dark warrior's death?  
   What for?  
 Why our own sink in war's horrid breath?  
   What for?  
 Will any one answer?   What for?

---

## “In the Name of God, Amen”

“**I**N the name of God, amen,”  
       And amen in the name of our God.  
 To the compact again, and the Mayflower,  
   amen,  
 And the paths that the forefathers trod.  
 To the faith of the sires, and their world potent  
   plan  
 For the glory of God and advancement of man.



"In the name of God, amen,"  
And in name of our past liberty.  
To the precepts again of the Nation, amen,  
And the course of a just destiny.  
To the maxims of old and their holy intents,  
"The consent of the governed in governments."

"In the name of God, amen,"  
And in name of the low Nazarene,  
Let the Nation press on to her goal as of old,  
Through such powers as the Christ would  
convene.  
Not through measures of wrath, subjugation  
and hate,  
And the conqueror's curse making desolate.

"In the name of God, amen,"  
And in name of our Flag and its creed.  
If war must needs be that mankind may be  
free,  
Then let the curse come with its need.  
But never a war under Flag of the free  
To subjugate men seeking liberty.

"In the name of God, amen,"  
"So be it," forever and aye.  
Not in name of vile mammon and empire and  
greed,  
Should the Nation pursue its way.  
In the name of our God, and in Freedom's  
great cause,  
Let the wars for dominion and conquest have  
pause.



## Bringin' Civilization

1899

**H**ERE, y' tike you. Zounds en zitherins!  
Let up, will y'? while I pound.  
I'm a bringin' y' "civilization"—  
Goin' t' trade it fer your ground.  
Gospel pure ez Jersey m'nopolies,  
Ministers yellin' "Shoot t' kill!"  
Goin' t' fire this teachin' at y',  
Ef y' won't er ef y' will.

Here, y' sun parched Tagerlalo,  
Here's th' "civilized" way t' pray.  
En I only wants possession  
Uv your islands fer my pay.  
Guns en harrycanes! but I'm gettin' it—  
Never thought thet you could live,  
After hearin' them ponderous phrases  
Thet them peace commissioners give.

Botheration! but you'r wigglin'—  
All I asks uv you 'z your farm,  
While I'm poundin' en a promisin';  
Aint a doin' y' no harm.  
What'd you say, you? "Let you alone, then?"  
P'raps I would ef you wuz bigger.  
But I'm one uv th' "powers uv airth," en  
You'r a wigglin,' ignorant "nigger."



## Bringin' Civilization 97

What'd you say, you? "Kind uv fightin'  
Same ez mine when I wuz young?"  
Thet don't go in any Zulu  
Philippino heathing tongue.  
Ef you spoke pure Angle Jackson—  
Jiminy whiz! Leggo my nose!  
I'm a bringin' y' trusts en th' Gospel,  
En th' calm uv death's repose.

Can't y' hear me yell BE-NEV-O-LENCE!  
RIGHTS-UV-MAN en CHRISTIAN-  
RULES!

While I'm batterin' down yer churches,  
En demolishin' yer schools?  
Snakes en whirligigs! but y'r bothersome.  
Let up, will y', on my ear!  
These here guns iz Gospel moniturs.  
Don't y' hear old England cheer?

You'r a low down "nig" Taglaler,  
Standin' only two foot seven.  
'N I'm a Anglerized "civilized" Saxon,  
Standing seven foot en eleven.  
En I'm bringin' y' "civilization,"  
En kin whip y' in an hour,  
En I'm goin' t' show the world thet  
I'm a "Christianized" "leadin' power."





IN OLD WISCONS.



## In Old Wiscons.

FATHER and mother and Lib. and Ermine  
And John and Henry and Vick,  
In the old Rock Valley in old Wiscons.

Where the blackberries were thick.  
An old log house nestling under the hill,  
And a garden spot just below,  
And the welcoming woods stretching farther  
away

Where the blackberries used to grow.

Father and mother, oh! kindly guides,  
In the years that vanished so quick,  
In the old Rock Valley in old Wiscons.

Where the blackberries were thick.  
Father and mother, oh! memories dear,  
And the love that abounded so,  
In the old home under the sheltering hill  
Where the blackberries used to grow.

A frontier home in a frontier State,  
In the years of long ago,  
Where the old oaks sheltered the strawberry  
vines

And the blackberries used to grow.  
Father and mother and Lib. and Ermine  
And John and Henry and Vick,  
Where the hazelnuts bordered the Indian trails  
And the blackberries were thick.



Where the wild pigeons darkened the evening  
sky,

And their wings beat a rapid click;

Where the prairie hens bellowed their boo-  
loo-loo

And the blackberries were thick.

Where the prairie fires lit the horizon's rim

And the wild geese drifted low,

In the autumn's haze over field and wood

Where the blackberries used to grow.

Where the plums and the wild apples ripened  
and fell

On the mandrakes growing below,

And the vine branches skirted the river's banks

Where the blackberries used to grow.

Where the wild marshes yielded their succulent  
fruit

For the winter's needful rick,

And the butternuts grew on their lofty trees

And the blackberries were thick.

Oh, never again for Lib. or Ermine

Or John or Henry or Vick,

On earth shall the morning of life uplift

Where the blackberries are thick.

Asleep in the earth in their last long sleep

Lie father and mother low,

And their home is broken in old Wiscons.

Where the blackberries used to grow.



But there is a land stretching out, though un-  
seen,

Where angel fingers pick  
"Twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of  
Life,"

And the blackberries are thick ;  
For the great All-Father who ruleth there  
Is seeing to it, I know,  
That the fruits of the New Earth shall rival the  
Old,

Where the blackberries used to grow.

And glad on the banks of the River of Life,  
Whose waters ceaseless flow,

Shall parents and children united stand

Again where the blackberries grow.

Again where the morning of life uplifts,

And the purling rivers lick

The generous realms stretching out and away,

Where the blackberries are thick.



## Loose the Truth

Dedicated to any patriot or humanitarian whomsoever who is endeavoring to let the Truth be known.

**S**TAND unwavering; Truth is true.

Call of God has come to you.

Hope or fear, or bliss or pain,

Treasures lost or earthly gain,

These are nothing; fruitless all,

As compared with thy great call.

Thine a work of destiny;

Loose the Truth: it shall be free.

Not alone Moriah's slope

Gives obedient servants hope.

Not on Horeb's heights alone

Sounds a call from Heaven's high throne.

Not alone at Galilee

Comes the summons, "Follow me."

Call as sacred comes to thee;

Loose the Truth: it shall be free.

In the roll of centuries

God unveils His mysteries.

Earth with revelations stirs;

Truth requires interpreters;

And earth's Samuels hear the cry,

And make answer, "Here am I."

Work of thine is Heaven's decree;

Loose the Truth: it shall be free.

Vilest thought of human brain

Is the Truths of earth to chain.

Holiest call to mortals given

Is to show the Truths of Heaven.

Since eternity began

Thoughts of God are rights of man.

Over every land and sea,

Loose the Truth: it shall be free.



## Women in the War

WHAT did the women do in the war?  
This is the story, you know it well,  
And some of you better than poet can tell.  
They held back the tears that they must not  
show,  
As they thought of the carnage and distant foe,  
And they told those the dearest on earth to go  
In defence of the Flag and the Union.  
And they choked down their sobs and they  
stifled their cry,  
At the parting of ways when they said Good  
Bye,  
And they wished that themselves and not others  
might die  
For the Stripes and the Stars of the Union,  
For the starry decked Flag of the Union.

What did the women do in the war?  
The hardest of all of war's trials to bear  
Is never the uttermost dangers to dare,  
Or the toil of the fiercely fought battle to share,  
Or the bearing of wounds, or the yielding of  
breath,  
But the seeing of loved ones go down to their  
death—  
Going down to their death in their agony,  
Where they cannot be reached through love's  
ministry.



104      Women in the War

And this was the wearisome burden borne  
By the women in tempest of lone hearts torn  
In the war for the Flag and the Union,  
For the Flag and the glorious Union.

What did the women do in the war?  
Oh! the aching of hearts and the throbbing of  
    brain,  
And the reeling of thought o'er the lists of the  
    slain;  
Oh! the darkness of life and the depth of the  
    pain,  
    As they counted their dead for the Union.  
But they stifled the pain that they could not  
    forget,  
And from East unto West with firm purpose  
    more set,  
They established their holy Commissions, and  
    met  
The needs of the years in large measure, that  
    yet  
    The victory be for the Union,  
    For the radiant, bullet torn, blood colored  
    Flag,  
And the storm tested, battle racked Union.

What did the women do in the war?  
With courage of heart, in their organized  
    bands,  
They stood close at hand in behalf of the  
    land,  
To do and to dare where the armies should  
    stand



In defence of the Flag and the Union.  
And in tent or on field where the fierce cannon  
spoke,  
In the path of the storm where the dread battle  
broke,  
With their comrades at work in the drift of  
the smoke,  
There they cared for the men of the Union;  
Aye, and gave up their lives for the Union;  
For the sore stricken, battle hurled, tempest  
tossed Flag,  
And the glorious, God ordained Union.

What did the women do in the war?  
All this did they do, did the war women do—  
A wonderful story to me and to you,  
Is the strong part they bore for the Red, White  
and Blue  
Of the Flag in the war for the Union.  
Let the years if they will touch our whiskers  
with gray,  
One more cup of coffee and doughnut, I pray,  
While we talk of the war for the Union;  
Of the old times again, and the women and  
men  
Of the war for the Flag and the Union;  
Of the years that have fled, and the living  
and dead  
Of the war for the Flag and the Union.



## Song of the Boer Soldier

SCHLAGE, noch schlage, noch schlag\* is  
our cry.

Living we strike, or if dying we die.

Schlage, noch schlag, still our foemen shall  
know,

Dying we die giving blow back for blow.

Once Rome's Quintilius Varus of old,

Met our strong Herman of Germanic mold.

On like a storm came the Roman's tried  
legions,

Up to the hills of the old German regions.

Fierce fell the strokes in the Teutoberg wood,†

Schlage, noch schlag, as the old Germans  
could.—

Slain all th' invading hosts, slain in those  
regions,

Europe was saved from the scourge of Rome's  
legions.

Schlage, noch schlage, noch schlag is our cry,

Living we strike, or if dying we die.

Schlage, noch schlag, still our foemen shall  
know,

Dying we die giving blow back for blow.

Once the fell Saracen, issuing forth,

Threatened the world on his way to the north.



## Song of the Boer Soldier 107

Crescent and Alcoran, Arab and Moor,  
Met the strong arm of the German at Tours.  
Oh! the fierce strokes of our Martel, "the Hammer,"

Schlage, noch schlag, havoc, slaughter and  
clamor—

Back the dark Crescent, back Arab and Moor,  
Europe was saved by the Germans at Tours.

Schlage, noch schlage, noch schlag is our cry.  
Living we strike, or if dying we die.

Schlage, noch schlag, still our foemen shall  
know,

Dying we die giving blow back for blow.

Here let us stand as stood Germans of yore,  
Legions of greed have reached Africa's shore.  
Welcome the conflict and war's dire commotion,

Never has failed German strength or devotion.

Living we strike, if we die then we die,  
Schlage, noch schlage, noch schlag is our cry.

Either we die or the dark continent

Here shall be saved to its own government.

Schlage, noch schlage, noch schlag is our cry.  
Living we strike, or if dying we die.

Schlage, noch schlag, still our foemen shall  
know,

Dying we die giving blow back for blow.

\**Schlag-e* or *schlag*—German for strike; *noch*, still.

†The battle of *Teutoberger Wald*—Woods of the German hills.



## A Tribute to the Minnesota Horticultural Society

Read at annual convention of the Minnesota State Horticultural Society, Minneapolis, 1899.

**F**ORESTS and plains of a northern clime,  
Valleys and hills of the West;  
Sweet as the bells of an evening chime,  
Wild as the storm billow's crest.  
Cherry or raspberry, peaches or pear,  
Apple or quince there was none;  
Only the wild berries here and there,  
Ripening in the sun.

On came the men of the early times,  
On to the great frontier;  
Singing their carols of rhythmic rhymes,  
Laboring all the year.  
Cherry seed, berry seed, pear seed and  
peach,  
Planted in quickening soil;  
Promise of fruits o'er the prairies' reach,  
Cheering them in their toil.

Out from their conquering gardens they came  
Together from valley and lea;  
**Hortus** and **cultura** forming a name  
For needed society.  
Berry bush, fruit tree and vines of the best,

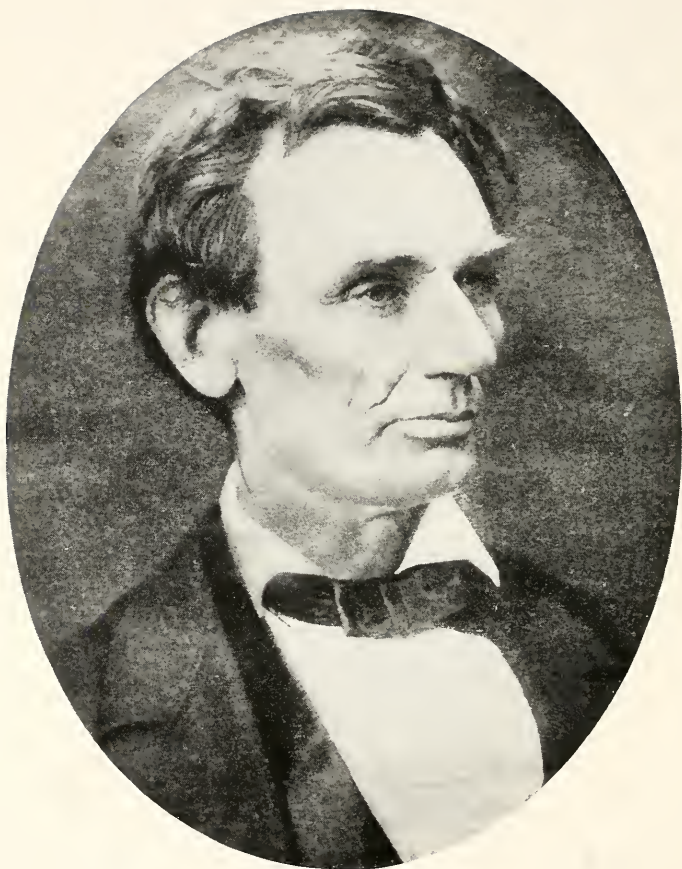


Westward to furtherest run,  
Nurtured by men of the great Northwest—  
Such is the work that was done.

Ripening fruit in the welcoming air,  
Mellow and luscious and sweet;  
Far as the stretch of the prairies fair,  
Gardens and orchards complete.  
Thanks to you, gentlemen, zealous and  
strong,  
To you and to your compeers;  
Honors in history, story and song,  
Through all the revolving years.

Giving the on-coming thousands a part  
Of that ye had planted and trained;  
Giving the public your thought and heart,  
And portion of what ye had gained;  
Blessing the generations to be  
Till story of earth shall be told;  
Pioneers, freemen and conquerors ye,  
Whose glory shall never grow old.





ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



## Abraham Lincoln

**B**ORN in a cabin in the forest's shade,  
Nurtured in lap of poverty and toil,  
Uncouth and artless, lank of limb and gaunt,  
How came our Lincoln into prominence?  
Why was this lowly man of rustic mien,  
When life of Nation balanced in the scale,  
And Right and Wrong engaged for mastery,  
And tens of thousands strove on either side,  
Chosen to lead a Nation's gathering hosts?  
How came he forth the greatest of the great?  
Because conviction unto him was law.  
"If slavery is not wrong, then nothing's  
wrong!"—  
Thus spake he, and thus saying dared maintain.  
And his eye gleamed, and his gaunt awkward  
frame  
Uplifted into form of towering majesty,  
When wrongs of slavery or rights of man  
Rose in the forum for abitrament.  
And thus he came to be the chief of all that  
served.

Then came the war, with Lincoln at the helm.  
And look ye now on him of rustic mold—  
About him men of giant intellect  
Contending that his policy is wrong!



The earth beneath him trembling in the shock  
And fierce concussion of contending hosts!  
The air he breathes surcharged with sulphurous fumes

Of ire-vexed cannon belching smoke and flame!  
The powers of other continent than his  
Granting his foe belligerent rights of war!  
Yet firm as fathomed granite-fashioned rock,  
Fixed in his faith in providence of God,  
With light divine of love for fellow man  
Illumining his jagged rough-hewn countenance,

Hopeful, unyielding, confident he stands,  
The central figure of earth's continents.  
Instead of lankness, height immeasurable;  
Instead of gauntness, strength unconquerable.

Lo, look ye there! Behold the incomparable man!

Mark ye his wisdom and his marvelous power!  
O'ercoming studied argument with phrase  
Keen cutting as thrice tempered sword of steel,  
He clears the way for Truth's advancing feet.  
And holding cogent monarchies of old,  
Inimical, belligerent, with threatening mien,  
Out of the vortex of the world-wondering strife,

With armies vast and squadrons of the seas,  
Given him of God for purposes at hand,  
He saves the realm entrusted to his care,  
And carves the way for Freedom's loftiest tread.



Immortal Lincoln! standing only next  
To Son of Man that wrought at Nazareth.

And look ye now on Emblem of the Free,  
Flag of our Nation, Token of our Faith,  
With stain of slavery washed from every fold  
In blood of patriots streaming toward the seas!  
Oh, how its radiance lights the encompassing  
air,

And God's own glory streams along its stripes  
And shines effulgent from its every star!  
On land or lake or ocean's heaving tide,  
On continents or isles round circling orb of  
earth,

In presence of the lowly or of kings,  
Or weak democracies of recent years,  
Or empires vast or monarchies of old,  
Fair as the starlight, beauteous as the morn,  
Clear as the cloudless noon its message reads  
Equality of man before the law!

God of our fathers, teach us Thy clear paths.  
Touch Thou our hearts anew with patriot fires,  
Such as spontaneous burned in Lincoln's soul.  
Let such as Lincoln ever be our guides—  
Such as can see their duty sunlight clear,  
And having seen, not all earth's sophistries,  
Nor things in hand, nor sure contingencies,  
Nor threats of loss, nor promises of gain,  
Nor principalities nor heights nor depths,  
Nor life nor death nor any other power,  
Can stay their progress in their fixed determin-  
ate task

That ends and only ends in duty done.



And ever as of old, our country's God,  
Let light of righteousness illumine our Flag!  
Resplendent in its radiance divine,  
As Lincoln saw it last with mortal eyes,  
May it no questionable message bear,  
But stand for freedom round the revolving  
earth!

And evermore may every separate soul,  
Black man or white or tropic colored brown,  
Whose breath is drawn beneath its radiant  
folds,  
Stand free as any other man beneath the sun!



## On Earth Peace

“ON earth peace,” from heights of glory,  
Old, yet ever new the story.

Gates of Heaven on outward swing,  
Hosts of God on rapid wing  
Nearing orb of earth, and then  
Message clear to mortal ken,  
“On earth peace, good will toward men.”

“On earth peace,” Oh! wondrous story,  
Issuing from the heights of glory.  
“On earth peace,” and earth still gory!

Shepherds in their field at night,  
When appeared such marvelous light  
As to give their souls affright.  
Rich as heavenly music came  
Angel voice from out the flame:  
“Fear not, for behold I bring  
News of seer told offering,  
Tidings of your Lord and King.  
Unto you the Christ is born.”  
Brighter than the effulgent morn  
Grew the light, and all about  
Multitudes and joyous shout—  
“Glory unto God!” and then,  
Message clear to mortal ken,  
“On earth peace, good will toward men.”



"On earth peace," the old, old story.  
"On earth peace," from heights of glory—  
And the old, old earth still gory!

Lord, forgive us! Still we fling  
All aside Thy offering;  
Still we thwart Thy righteous plan,  
And assail our fellow man;  
Still we raise our bloody hands  
And oppose Thy just commands;  
Still Thy counsels we deny,  
And Thy Christ we crucify.  
Lord, forgive us! Lord, forgive!  
Let earth's recreant nations live!  
Still withhold Thy avenging sword;  
Still we crave Thy mercy, Lord!  
Still we ask for clearer ken,  
And that soon may reign again  
"On earth peace, good will toward men."

---

## Christmas

U NTO thee and to thine,  
As to me and to mine,  
May the blessings of heaven descend.  
And may God in his care  
Over earth everywhere,  
Bring wars on the earth to an end.



## A Woman Editor

Edituress *The Masonic Observer*.

I seen some comments lately about a woman's edituring a Masonry-magazeen, an' I hev some ideas on thet thing myself.—

**F**ER a woman aint bin thru th' three degrees,

Ner th' hundered an' thirty-third;  
An' she don't understand jest th' grip uv th' hand

On th' neophytes conferred.  
An' all thet she knows about Masonry  
Is thet man should be Brother to man,  
An' th' rules given out by th' Nazarene  
As He talked uv th' Father's plan.

An' all thet she knows about Masonry  
Is to lessen th' pain an' the strife,  
An' to lift where th' burden is pressin' hard  
In th' toil an' th' struggle uv life.  
An' all thet she knows about Masonry  
Is th' sum an' th' pith uv its creed,  
Jest th' love uv th' Father supreme an' uv man,  
An' to hasten at call uv need.

I hev heard thet a woman stood last at th' cross,  
An' was first at th' open grave  
Of th' One unto Whom hed bin given th' task  
Th' hull world to rescue an' save.



An' I've known her myself in th' struggle uv  
war

To go where th' bullets buzzed thick,  
An' th' cannon balls shrieked thru th' pulsatin'  
air,

To succor th' wounded an' sick.

But she ain't trod th' road uv th' E. A. D.

Ner th' path uv th' high K. T.

Ner hez rid on a camel, ner traversed th' trail

Uv a Scottish Rite degree.

An' I asks a straight question, jest onct an' fer  
all,

An' ez hefty ez others I've seen,

Jest how kin a woman edit a line

Uv a Masonry magazeen!



# The New Monroe Doctrine

1901

I AM going off East, and don't camp on my  
road,  
And don't anyone come toward the West.  
I'm a dangerous man, and I'm apt to unload  
Some guns at some other old fellow that's  
towed  
Some other old guns that he thinks are the  
best  
Onto my camping ground, if he comes toward  
the West.

I am going off East, and don't camp on my  
trail,  
And don't any one say I can't go.  
And don't come toward the West with a tow-  
boat or sail.  
I've some talkers myself peering under the  
rail  
Of some craft that I own—kind o' English,  
you know,  
And they says that I goes where I'm want-  
ing to go.

Don't move out toward the West—I'm a dan-  
gerous man—  
And don't say I can't go towards the East.



120      New Monroe Doctrine

I don't ask if I can't and don't ask if I can.  
I lays out my work and I makes my own plan.  
Don't approach toward the West, or oppose  
in the least  
While I colonize isles in the seas of the  
East.

I'm a peaceable man if I has my own way,  
And I has it, because I'm a power.  
And I goes toward the East and I goes there  
to stay,  
And there ain't any one that can answer me  
nay.  
But if any one moves toward the West, in  
that hour  
He'll encounter the world-ruling, conquer-  
ing power.

I once stood for freedom, at home and around  
The full orb of earth in its curve toward  
the skies.  
Take ye note of the change! now my armies  
are found  
Bearing bondage to men on their own native  
ground!  
Bearing bonds toward the East as fair Lib-  
erty cries,  
And the Flag streams afire in the storm-  
gathering skies!



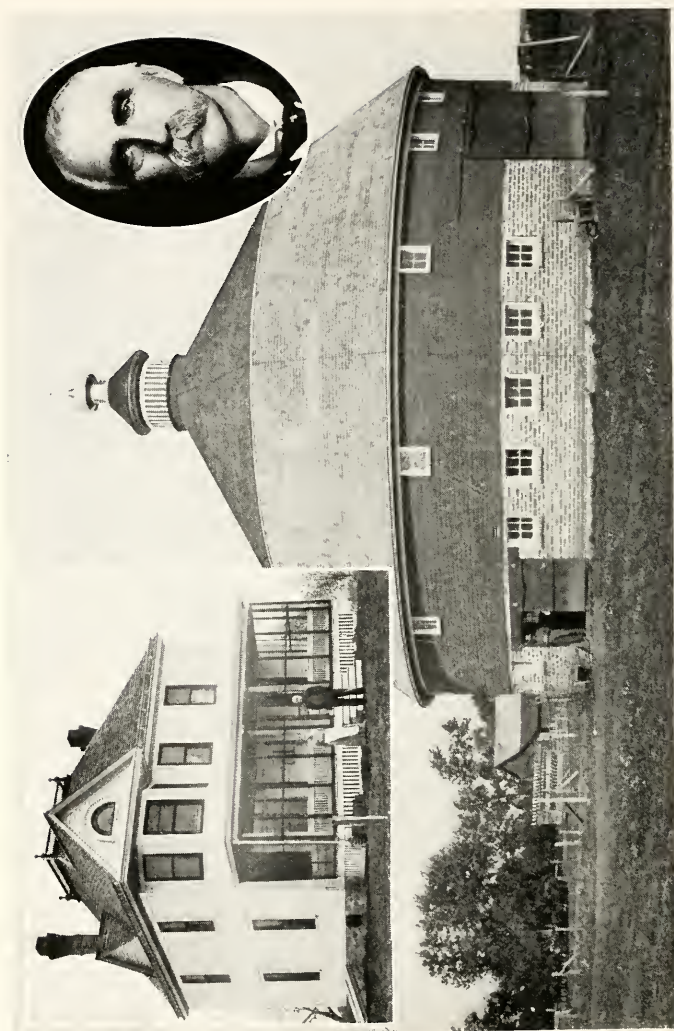
## Spirit Is Deathless

WHAT matters it whether the spirit lay  
    Its time-worn tenement of clay  
    A few years sooner or later aside?  
Or whether in valley of shadow and shine  
The spirit, in image of God divine,  
    A few years more or less shall abide?

For, ever since dawn of creation began,  
It is spirit, not earth, that is life of man,  
    Though death may seem real and sad hearts  
        may sigh.  
It is spirit that worketh, and spirit that prays  
To the Father of Life and the Ancient of Days,  
    And spirit is deathless and cannot die.

And so we would question nor process nor  
    year,  
Nor would burden our soul with misgiving or  
    fear,  
    Whether sooner or late failing body shall  
        fall.  
But be glad in the life that surviveth death's  
    ills,  
And rejoice in the Love that infinity fills,  
    And the infinite Mercy that governeth  
        all.





FARMER JOHN AND HIS HOME.



## Farmer John

Farmer John, to whom these lines are dedicated, is a brother of the author, and the incident as narrated in the poem occurred on the farm of John Anthony Goff, in Mapleton township, Blue Earth county, Minnesota, in the year 1893.

JOHN, farmer John. Simply one of the  
throng  
Of the thousands and thousands just moving  
along.  
Simply one of the fellows that run their own  
farm.  
Rather lengthy in stature and strong in his  
arm;  
Just a toiler in storm and in heat of the sun  
Till the round of the long changing season  
is run,  
And then off for the hauling to market, and  
then  
At his plowing and sowing and reaping again,  
And attending to stock and improving his  
ground,  
Going round and around as the seasons run  
round,  
And exalting his God for the blessings of life,  
His old homestead and houses and children  
and wife,  
And the products of garden and fruitage and  
yields



Of his closely cropped pastures and far stretching fields—  
That was John, farmer John. Simply one of  
the throng  
Of the thousands and thousands just moving  
along.

But there came a time once to this old farmer  
John  
When the hour of the test of his nature was  
on.  
Ringing piercing and shrill on the clear morning  
air,  
Full of terror and fear and alarm and despair,  
Came the cry of a child from a near standing  
shed,  
And a slashing and crash where the horses  
were fed.

Swift as flight of an arrow along its clear  
path,  
Or the bolt of a storm in its fierceness and  
wrath,  
Toward and into the barn darted old farmer  
John,  
At the hour when the test of his courage was  
on.  
And there were the horses as wild as a storm,  
And under their bellies the still, prostrate  
form  
Of a son of old John that had given the cry.  
And the horses still surging and heels letting  
fly



Like the missiles of guns aimed at war-gath-  
ered foes,  
And into the danger the old farmer goes!

Click! a stroke on the shoulder, and numb  
fell an arm  
When the old farmer needed it most on the  
farm.

Thud! a stroke on the breast. Crack! before  
one could tell  
Crashed a bone in his leg, and the old farmer  
fell

Alongside of the lad. Was there thought of  
retreat?

Not on life of his boy! Down there under  
the feet

Of the still surging horses he picked up the  
lad,

And shoved him ahead with the arm that he  
had,

On and under the manger, and then with a  
joy

All unknown to the faithless he followed his  
boy.

Then his wife got the neighbors and they got  
him out,

All wounded and bleeding and battered about.

The boy was brought to with a wound on his  
head,

And the old farmer lingered for months on his  
bed,



And is using a leg that creaks under him yet,  
Where the bones were so shattered they never  
could set.

Crippled John! farmer John! Simply one of  
the throng

Of the thousands and thousands just moving  
along.

But I'd rather have him should I need caring  
for

Than some colonels and generals I've seen in  
the war.

And he's thanking his God for the blessings  
of life,

His old homestead and houses and children  
and wife,

And the products of garden and fruitage and  
yields

Of his closely cropped pastures and far stretch-  
ing fields.



## That Check

SEE him turning and twisting his neck,  
And you at your ease with the reins—  
Him tossing his head in the air now and then,  
Or turning his neck this and that way again,

In a trial to ease off his pains.

And you sitting there in your negligee shirt,  
And him toiling on in the heat and the dirt,  
And you with neck free as the sunlight's caress,

And his tortured out of all naturalness—

Why, why don't you let out that check?

Once again take a look at that neck,

Racked and bent out of shape in that way!  
Pulled and jerked and set back till the animal's  
nose

Points straight into air where the buzzard  
hawk goes,

And then buckled and fixed there to stay!  
And you drive your horse hard and then leave  
him to stand

With his neck all uneased while you give the  
glad hand.

And you resting easy as bird on the wing,  
And your horse tied and checked where the  
tiger gnats sting!

Why, why don't you let out that check?



Oh, the pain of that check tortured neck,  
All appointed and fixed there by you!  
And where blast driven storms of the cold  
winter beat,  
Or in fierce withering rays of the summer's  
tense heat,  
All the while is your horse serving you!  
Oh, man of the swift rolling easy coupe,  
Or man of the load moving slow on the way,  
Or whether on ease or glad merriment bent,  
Or whether by want's stern authority sent,  
Won't you let out, just let out that check!

---

## Valentines

FULL and many are the years,  
In the rolling of the spheres,  
Since my first scrawled valentines—  
Years of seeming good and ill,  
Sorrow's throes and rapture's thrill,  
Since those earliest valentines.  
Eye-glasses to read with now,  
Whiskers gray and wrinkled brow,  
Grave with life's experience, how  
Can I write on valentines?

Dim the path in looking back,  
Long life's ever lengthening track,  
Since those youth-time valentines.



Shall I call from memory's cave,  
Summon from their restful grave,  
    Old-time years of valentines?  
Mirth of youth or love's strange pain  
Stealing into heart and brain—  
Can one live those years again,  
    Years of old-time valentines?

Must a mortal tread once more  
Old-time paths once trod before,  
    Or resign earth's valentines?  
Reach his hands back toward the past  
After things not made to last,  
    Or forego life's valentines?  
Nay, not so. God hath not said  
More than once our feet shall tread  
Meadows fair or deserts dread  
    Of old years of valentines.

This the loftier grace, that here,  
In life's every passing year,  
    Earth still gives us valentines;  
Here and now and evermore,  
Out of Heaven's exhaustless store,  
    God doth give us valentines.  
Aye, and better grows the gift,  
As life's curtains upward lift,  
And from store of Heaven drift  
    More enduring valentines.

Tried and true as tempered steel,  
Hearts that all our sorrows feel,  
    These are here our valentines;



Helpful hands in trial's hour,  
And love's steadfastness of power,  
    These our later valentines.  
As the western hills appear  
On life's journeyings drawing near,  
These our bounteous stay and cheer,  
    These our Heaven sent valentines.

And still gladder, let us hope,  
On life's farthest western slope,  
    Shall we read our valentines;  
Still shall read, in restful peace,  
After earth heart throbs shall cease,  
    Heaven sent gifts of valentines;  
Read of death as only seeming,  
Read of life still radiantly gleaming,  
Love enthroned in every token,  
Love the only language spoken,  
Earth-love ties found all unbroken,  
    God's immortal valentines.



## Consent of the Governed

THE consent of the governed in governments—

So the Nation's patriots said,  
When they gathered in haste at the Concord  
bridge

And answered the British lead.  
The consent of the governed in governments,  
Unfettered by king or liege;  
And for this they withstood the armed minions  
of war

In bivouac, battle and siege.  
And thousands and thousands were in that  
fight,  
And the Nation has counted that they were  
right.

The consent of the governed in governments—  
Thus said the Nation's sons,  
When the bond-servants lifted their manacled  
hands,

And a thousand answering guns  
In fierce fiery flames from their brazen throats  
Belched missiles of destiny,  
Till the black man stood forth under dome  
of the sky

All shackless and free.  
And millions of freemen were in that fight,  
And the world has decided that they were  
right.



## What of the Issue on Self?

In order to defend the attempt to destroy the liberties of America, principles were laid down which, if carried into effect, would have subverted the liberties of England.—*Buckle*.

A WHITE man may make his dark brother  
a slave,

But what of the issue on self?

And a nation may sanction the villainy grave,

But what of the issue on self?

Go, trace the long lists of the slaveholder's  
slain,

And the dead of our Nation, the woundings  
and pain,

When the vengeance of God loosed the bond-  
servant's chain!

Aye, what of the issue on self, upon self?

A strong man may deal his weak brother a  
blow,

But what of the issue on self?

And a nation may conquer and overthrow,

But what of the issue on self?

Go, read of the fate of the nations of old,

Mocking God in their claim that His gifts  
they'd unfold,

Sacking earth to enslave, seizing empire and  
gold.



O'er and o'er on the earth has the story been  
told,  
Leaders, captains and hosts turned to ashes  
and mould,  
Overwhelmed and destroyed where the battle  
smoke rolled!  
Aye, what of the issue on self, upon self?

Go to, see your foul plundered war victims  
weep,  
And prepare for the issues on self.  
Earth will waken at last, nor is Heaven  
asleep—  
Mark ye the sure issues on self.  
See, the praying are routed, the patriots fall!  
Lo, the just ye have slain and have taken their  
all!  
And the hire of the laborer crieth afar  
Where your war captured fields and your  
bondservants are!  
Lo, your gold is corrupt, and in cankering fire  
Shall your riches consume in retributive ire!  
Lo, your realms shall depart, and your scepter  
and crown  
Into earth where the war forces surge shall  
go down!  
And again in the round of eternity's years  
Shall the captains of pillage be slain in their  
fears,  
And the living shall learn in dire anguish and  
tears  
Of the issues of wrong upon self, upon self!





*"Hang it all! I sez, sez I,  
I can't change it if I try."*



## A Good Bye to 1800

January 1, 1900

**E**IGHTEEN hundered, 1 an' 8,  
Last one crooked, fust one straight.

Hang it all! I sez, sez I,  
I can't change it if I try.  
An' onct I almost cried a spell  
'Cause I'd got to say farewell  
To thet union, 1 an' 8,  
Last one crooked, fust one straight,  
Each th' other figger's mate.  
Haven't yit got used to it;  
Have to hold my hand a bit  
Every time I writes a date—  
Want to use thet figger 8.  
Sometimes spile a half a line  
'Fore I kin work in thet 9.

Seen my father write thet 1  
Ever sence th' earth begun—  
Leastwise so it seems t' me.  
Long ago ez I could see,  
Er remember anythin',  
Thet's th' way thet he'd begin—  
Figger 1 an' figger 8,  
Last one crooked, fust one straight,  
When he went t' write a date;  
An' he got th' hang uv it  
Frum *his* father, earlier yit.  
Fer a century uv years,  
In th' circling uv th' spheres—



Hardly know what them words are,  
But they seem t' fit in thar—  
All th' nations uv th' earth,  
Settin' down th' times uv birth,  
Marriages, er failin' breath,  
Statesman's rise er soldier's death,  
Trifles, er affairs uv State  
Uv th' most momentous weight,  
Here an' yon an' over thar,  
Everybody everywhar,  
All have used thet 1 an' 8,  
Last one crooked, fust one straight,  
When they went to give a date.

Used t' be hard work t' change  
Final figger uv th' range;  
An' when thar wuz two t' do,  
Bothered fer a month er two.  
Nowdays when I takes my pen  
An' sets down t' write agen,  
Got t' change three figgers then.  
One thing cert'in ez fer me:  
When I ever gets these three  
So thet I kin write 'em straight,  
Ez I could th' 1 an' 8,  
When I'm goin' to give a date,  
Thet will be enough fer me—  
Never'll change another three.  
Goin' t' go whar rollin' spheres  
Makes a day a thousand years,  
An' whar I won't have t' quit  
Anythin' I likes a bit  
Jest ez I gets used t' it.



## The Decision

The Government has won! The Constitution does not follow the Flag.—*Headlines of a metropolitan paper announcing decision of Supreme Court, 1900.*

ONCE before our great Government  
won, (?) oh, fearful the fateful hour!  
Once before our exalted tribunal decreed on  
the side of iniquitous power.  
No acre of freedom in all our broad realm!  
No sunlight on Liberty's face!  
And our Nation was turned to an engine of  
wrath in enslaving a weaker race.

But see! following swift in the wake of the  
law, long lines of God's battlemen came,  
Reversing and quashing and blotting it out  
in war's horrid torture and flame!  
And the bolts of God's vengeance fell full on  
the wrong, overturning its vaunted decree!

And his lightnings of wrath wrote in red on  
the sky the edict that men shall be free!

Are we drifting again toward enslavement of  
man and the God cursed oppressions of  
old?

Is a sin washed in blood from the folds of the  
Flag a story again to be told?

Again there's a voicing and clamor and cry,  
and a shout that our Nation has won.

What is it, oh! patriot sons of the realm,  
what is it that has been done!



## The Upright Man

FOR gain of power, or services of wealth,  
Let us a moment cease our toilsome  
    search,  
And pay our tribute to the upright man.

Kind in his looks and in his language pure;  
Partial to others as unto himself;  
Guarding his neighbor's interests as his own;  
Jealous of rights of strangers as of friends;  
Stable in honor as the towering Alps  
Are fixed on their rock-planted granite base;  
Steadfast when obligations are once known,  
And hard to influence him from meeting them  
As to change stars of heaven in their course;  
Gentle in thought as fall of heaven's dew,  
And yet with purpose strong and unalterable  
To live a life void of offense toward God  
And serviceable unto his fellow man—  
Such is the upright man; and such, thank  
    Heaven! are found  
Occasionally along the paths of earth.  
How like a strengthening benison their lives!  
How sweet their presence and how great their  
    worth!  
How high they are above the groveling tools  
That crawl for place and change for sordid  
    gain!



How they do rise and tower above the horde  
That strive for self alone, and in their strife  
Cast others down to ruin or to death,  
Compassionless as tiger's tearing claws,  
And feelingless as soulless primal rock!

Behold the upright man; and know ye this,  
That he already hath in his own heart of  
          hearts

Heaven's high reward for honesty of soul!  
And when earth's opportunities to him are  
          met,

And he hath finished his inspiring life,  
No tears of lamentation need there be.  
He hath earned right to hail of heavenly hosts,  
Hail and "well done," from God's eternal  
          throne.

Aye, more than this; he hath performed the  
          work

Taught by the God anointed Nazarene.  
And unto such a one Heaven lifts its gates  
To give him entrance to that better world,  
As certainly as love shall finally conquer  
          earth,

And throne of God is based on righteous rule.



## The Story of a Nation

Read at a pro-Boer meeting, Minneapolis, 1900.

SOUTHWARD upon the very farthest  
reach  
Of the "Dark Continent" we fixed our home.  
Here for a century and a half of years  
Peaceful we lived, excepting now and then  
A contest with the attacking cannibals,  
To whom we brought our Bible and its Lord.  
Here was our home; and beautiful and sweet  
Almost it seemed to us as the first scene  
Opened to Eve's and Adam's wondering eyes.

Then came the rude invader; hordes of greed,  
Soldiers and officers under coat of arms,  
Symbol of lion crouching for its prey,  
Landed, and occupied our peaceful realm.

Then we, unable to withstand the might  
Of the armed soldiers of th' world conquering  
power,  
Trekking to the northward, to a wilderness  
Wild and ungoverned as the first we trod.  
Here surely unmolested we could live—  
So thought we in our ignorance of that power  
Whose greed had driven us into distant wilds.  
Here once again we coped with savage foes,  
Laid out our pastures for our sheep and kine,



Raised our rude cabins on our chosen sites,  
Built our churches and reformed our schools,  
And re-established our loved government.

Lo, mark ye now! O'er the horizon's rim,  
Soldiers again beneath their reddish flag,  
And bearing self-same ancient coat of arms,  
Symbol of lion's power and greediness.  
Then we engaged in war; but overcome,  
Once more we left our country and our homes,  
Fields, pastures, churches, schools and villages,  
And trekked beyond a rugged mountain range,  
To the lone regions of our river Vaal.

Lo! here again. Oh! wondrous to relate,  
Here still again our foemen following us,  
And forcing us to slavery or to war!  
Here Jamison's raid and famed Majuba Hill.  
Twice here in war we have maintained our  
rights,  
Our liberty and our home established rule,  
Against the ravenous lion's arm-ed hosts,  
And here, Heaven helping us, we shall remain.

Columns, halt! In reverence kneel,  
Not in fear of cannon's peal,  
Or of wounds or soldier's death;  
But that in our every breath  
Soldiers here may own their God.  
Gift of His the very sod  
On the which we take our stand;  
Gift of His our native land.



Rise ye now and form for battle,  
Burst of bomb and rifle's rattle,  
Singing ere the opening shot  
"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."  
(A strong fortress is our God.)  
See again the invading horde,  
Armor of lion and blood reddened sword,  
Seeking the hills where our gold is stored.

Shall we yield to rude invader home and coun-  
try, hearth and farm?  
Is our old-time German vigor failing us in  
strength of arm?  
Is our old-time German courage overcome by  
war's alarm?  
In our cause and our God is our old German  
trust;  
If we die then we die, as at some time we must.

Though the war clouds roll and smoke,  
Still shall fall our saber stroke.  
Backward though we may be pressed,  
Foe shall seek in vain for rest.  
Leaden hail and iron rain  
Be their welcome, wounds and pain,  
Life floods drenching veldt and plain,  
River's tide and towering kop,  
Lowly vale and mountain slope.

Far as the battle line ever shall reach,  
Eager our sons to step into the breach—  
Sons? aye, and daughters and wives if need be,  
Ready to die for our flag of the free.



In our toil and dire distress,  
 In our strokes for righteousness,  
 Earth shall yet afford us friends—  
 Earth's the means and Heaven's the ends.  
 As France through the belching of cannon's  
     rough lips,  
 And Spain and our Holland through war's  
     lurid ships,  
 Spake out when America in her grim toil  
 Established her freedom on far western soil,  
 So now shall the nations yet hear our appeal,  
 And answering, challenge the Briton's cold  
     steel.  
 Here still shall war's guns answer echoing gun,  
 Here still shall the battle smoke darken the  
     sun,  
 Till the fierce fiery force of our foeman is  
     spent,  
 And republics are safe on the "Dark Conti-  
     nent."



## De Sun Hit (It) Clim'erin' Norf Again

December 22

DE days bin growin' shorter,  
En de nights bin growin' long,  
En hit seems ez tho in de col' en snow  
De erf done goin' wrong.  
But de Lawd he hol' it in his han',  
En he governin' de sun;  
En de spring time rain done comin' again,  
En de rivers gwine ter run.

Hit mebbe de fros' still rampage,  
En hit creepin' in at de do';  
En de col' git strong ez de days grow long,  
En de wintah win' still blow.  
But de spring air creepin' up frum de Souf  
Fer ter wa'm up de Northe'n lan';  
Fer de sun hit hear at de end ob de year  
De Voice ob a High Comman'.

Fer de Lawd he know in de fros' en de snow  
His chillen gittin' col';  
En he set de boun' en de sun turn roun',  
Ez hit radierate en roll.  
En de sun hit clim'erin' Norf again,  
En er bringin' de spring time song;  
En de col' en de snow done got ter go  
Er scam'erin' erlong.



Clim'erin' Norf Again 145

Hit mebbe de col' still bitin',  
But hit gwine ter end by'n by ;  
Fer de sun hit burn ez hit roll en turn,  
En is clim'erin' up de sky.  
En de lily en rose ez de col' win' goes,  
Dey foller de wintah's sto'm ;  
En de grasses en grains done foller de rains,  
En de erf hit gittin' wa'm.

En hit mighty kin' o' cheerin',  
Ez de col' come shiverin' nigh,  
Dat de sun turn back on de ol' time track,  
En is clim'erin' up de sky.  
En hit mighty kin' o' cheerin',  
Ez de wintah gittin' strong,  
Dat de ice en de snow done got ter go  
Er scam'erin' erlong.



## The Man or The Dollar

IS it manhood, or gold? say ye which it shall  
be.

Is it mammon, or is it God?

Lo, the battle is on from ocean to sea!

And "ye cannot serve both"; say ye which it  
shall be

That shall rule on the earth's green sod.

Is it mammon, or man? say ye which it shall be.

Lo, the Macedonian cry

Of the toilers for help in their agony!

And shall they be free, or in slavery?

Shall Liberty live, or die?

Is it manhood, or mammon? say which it shall  
be.

Is it home, or the dollar of greed?

And before you are called to eternity

Shall your strokes be for trusts, or humanity?

For spoilsmen, or men in need?

Say ye which it shall be; say which it shall be.

Is it mammon, or Liberty's plan?

Oh, men of America, list to the plea

Of the toilers of earth that their lives may be  
free,

And vote for the reign of man!



## Peace and Harmony Prevailing

HEARD it now for thirty years,  
Penned it half a thousand times ;\*  
Seems as though it kind o' cheers,  
Like a heart throb set in rhymes.  
Sounds like lay of generations  
Through th' enduring centuries trailing,  
Echoing over lands and nations,  
"Peace and harmony prevailing."

In its depths a richness lies,  
Rare as lore of prophet's pen ;  
Thrills like song of Eastern skies,  
"On earth peace, good will toward men."  
Seems to strengthen sweet conviction,  
Bars out vexing powers assailing,  
Sounds like voice of benediction,  
"Peace and harmony prevailing."

Swift the sands through hour-glass steal,  
Where the assembled Brethren meet,  
Summoning plans for human weal,  
In Fraternal converse sweet.  
Oh! that men would choose such order,  
Unto men the gift entailing,  
O'er earth's every curve and border,  
"Peace and harmony prevailing."

\*The writer has been secretary of two Masonic Lodges, and of one of them fifteen consecutive years.



## Roses

**S** MELL dem roses; bettah git  
Jest a leetle closah yit.  
Sweeterest things yo'se eber known,  
Prettiest things et's eber grown.

Eber heerd de chime ob bells—  
Dat's de way de roses smells;  
Eber heerd a murmurin' brook—  
Dat's de way de roses look.  
Cotch de pehfumes at de dawnin'  
O'er de medders in de mornin',  
En sabe 'em up fo' me en you—  
Dat's de way de roses do.  
Reach out fo' de radiant light  
Glimmerin' thru de liftin' night,  
En shimmern' ober lake en lea,  
En sabe it up fo' you en me.  
All de colors in de air,  
On land er sea er anywhere,  
Centered in dem roses there.

Eber seen de mornin' tide  
Climberin' down de mountain side—  
Roses cotch it ez it glide.  
Eber seen de sunbeams play  
On de trees at close ob day—  
Roses cotch 'em on de way.



Eber seen de colors shift,  
Shades ob dark en lightnin's drift,  
Ez de sto'm clouds roll en lift  
Into vales en mountain range—  
Roses cotch 'em ez dey change.

Trabel fur en trabel near,  
En den yo' turn en come back here,  
En yo've found nuffin sweeter'n dem  
Roses bloomerin' on de stem.

---

## Ready Fer A Scrap

**G**OT to hev my weepens ready fer a scrap,  
Else I ain't no good fer any kind o' trust.  
If I sees a feller walkin' got to set the weepens  
talkin'.

Or else mebbe he'll get his to goin' fust.  
Needn't never hev no necessary scrimmage—  
I'm a peaceful man and never wants no  
fuss—

But to be eternal ready if there's any one gets  
heady,

And to be the fust if any one is goin' to  
start a muss.

If I never wants no trouble—so they says—  
With another feller campin' where I be,  
Then I wants a gun that's bigger with my  
finger on the trigger,



150      Ready Fer A Scrap

And I wants to get my work in 'fore he gets  
his range on me.  
Lovin' peace and peace promotin'—so they ut-  
ters as they talks—  
Scatterin' olive branches round on every  
hand.  
But I wants some guns a burnin' if there's  
ever any turnin'  
On some other feller's axles on the conti-  
nents where I stand.

If a man's a man he's got to back his word up,  
And be ready with his weepson fer to work it  
with a vim.  
If he meets another feller he must fire him till  
he's meller,  
'Fore the other feller ever gets a chance to  
fire at him.  
Mission holy and imposed by Heaven's enact-  
ment—  
So the sayin's of the argufyers run—  
Mebbe come across a Russian or an old Ger-  
manic Prussian,  
And the way to make it peacefuller is haulin'  
out a gun.

Ain't nobody kind and peaceful more than  
me—  
So my sarvants says that's talkin' as they  
goes—  
But if any feller rustles up agin me where I  
hustles,



## Ready Fer A Scrap 151

I should open up the firin', and they says as  
how they knows.  
Kind o' new to me, this kind o' argufyin',  
Lived a hundered years and more and never  
thought  
That a peaceful man's ambition should be  
storin' ammunition,  
Fearin' other fellers mebbe is a storin'  
more'n they ought.

Used to stay at home and didn't care fer weep-  
ons,  
'Ceptin' as my homestead was needin' spe-  
cial care.

But my sarvants got a notion that I ought to  
rule the ocean,  
So's to shoot some civilization into people's  
anywhere.

And things are lookin' kind o' leery and the  
peace dove's lookin' skeery,  
And the streamers are a floatin' on the other  
feller's runs.

And I've got to keep a hoein' in my patch, and  
keep a goin'  
Round and round the airth with neviees and a  
showin' of some guns.



## At the Close of the Day

YOU have sought in life for a righteous  
creed,

Your hands have united with creed their deed,  
And your feet have been swift at the call of  
need—

Oh! how sweet it would be if endorsements  
like these

Could be wafted to me in the evening breeze.

You have gone where your thoughts of duty  
led,

You have fought for the right where its vo-  
taries bled,

You have trod the paths it was yours to  
tread—

Oh! such comforting thoughts, could they  
come to me,

As my life shall draw near to the life to be.

You have been to your deep convictions true,  
You have helped a thousand fold more than  
you knew,

You have done the work it was yours to do—

Oh! how grand it would be at the set of the  
sun,

Could I know that the work that was mine  
was done.



Full welcome the travel and toil of it all,  
If at close of the day I can hear the call,  
As the light grows dim and the shadows fall,--  
Rejoice and be glad, for you did not fail  
In the work that was yours on the devious  
trail.

---

## Good Fellows

THERE'S a Lodge that's organizing and  
its purposes are good,  
And it's caring for the children in the name  
of Brotherhood.  
And if a child is not our own we'll still do all  
we can,  
For it is the child of somebody and he's our  
fellow man,  
And we're all Good Fellows, take the trail,  
Where the purpose of your journey will not  
fail.  
And you'll take care of one of them and I'll  
take care of two,  
And here's a blessing on them and we'll do  
what we can do,  
For we're all Good Fellows, take the trail.  
  
All the doors are standing open in this Lodge  
of Good Intent,



For the entrance of the Brethren with their  
thoughts on kindness bent;  
And its altars are emblazoned with the light  
of holy cheer,  
And all around the pleadings of the Nazarene  
appear.

And we're all Good Fellows, move along,  
And along the gladsome journey sing your  
song:  
Ho! you'll take care of two of them and I'll  
take care of three,  
And we'll make them just as happy as their  
little souls can be,  
For we're all Good Fellows, move along.

There are mothers weeping sadly over children  
in distress,  
There are father hearts in mourning over pov-  
erty's duress;  
And the message of the living Christ was writ  
for men to see,  
"As ye did it to the least of these ye did it  
unto Me."

And we're all Good Fellows and true blue,  
And unto the Christmas spirit we'll be true.  
And you'll take care of three of them and I'll  
take care of four,  
And as the Lord has prospered us we'll double  
that or more,  
For we're all Good Fellows and true blue.



## Down at Northrup's

THEY'RE a goin' t' hev a dinner,  
Literati, so they say,  
An' th' wimmin 'r t' be there,  
An' th' men kin stay away.  
Fer th' wimmin's all united  
Thet th' men shan't be invited,  
At th' meetin' uv th' Cosmopolitan class,  
Where th' blessed literati 'r a furnishin' th'  
pass.

An' I'm goin' t' send my compliments an' tell  
'em I don't care,  
An' they kin hev their tony dinner an' their  
greetins debonair.  
An' I aint a goin' t' groanin' cause I aint got  
any show,  
An' I aint a goin' t' mournin' cause I aint a  
goin' t' go.  
Fer I'll hustle t' th' baker's fer a ginger roll fer  
cash,  
An' I'll bile th' old teakettle an' rejuvenate th'  
hash,  
An' I'll toast th' mornin's biscuit an' I'll fry a  
slice uv ham,  
An' I'll hie me t' th' cellar fer a can uv berry  
jam,



156      Down at Northrup's

An' I'll spread th' mornin's paper on th' table  
    down side up,  
An' I'll take th' old tin dipper an' I'll use it  
    fer a cup,  
An' ez soon ez things is warmin' an' th' coffee  
    gits t' sizz,  
I will whip out my old jack-knife an' I'll settle  
    down t' biz.  
An' Ill stay there till I gets there on thet acci-  
    dental grub,  
While my wife is down at Northrup's with th'  
    Cosmopolitan Club.  
An' so here's to literati an' to treatises an'  
    jokes,  
Till my wife gits back from Northrup's an' th'  
    literati folks.



## Back to Blue Earth

**I** HAVE trod the paths of Blue Earth  
When the Indians roamed its plains,  
And have seen its treasures of later years  
Of grasses and golden grains.  
And my heart goes back to Blue Earth —  
None fairer under the sun,  
Or a land that makes gladder the hearts of men  
When the year's hard work is done.

I have walked the ways of cities,  
And of art halls near and far,  
Where the great strong hearts of the business  
world

And the souls of the painters are.  
But my heart goes back to Blue Earth,  
With its riches of timber and soil,  
And the prairies stretch out to the rim of the  
woods

And the hands of the yeomen toil.

I have heard Good Byes in Blue Earth,  
In hope, and in crushing pain;  
From some on a sunshiny road and clear,  
And from some in a shadowy rain.  
And my heart goes back to Blue Earth,  
To the friends that grew tired and would  
rest,  
And to those that are left, and the visions of  
years,

As the sun sinks low toward the west.



## An Adverse Vote

February, 1913

IS this our Minnesota,  
In the heart of the Continent,  
Where the rivers run free on their way to  
the sea,  
And forests and prairies are blent;  
And where fair hand of woman and strong  
hand of man  
Have toiled on together in union of plan,  
And have labored together for churches and  
schools,  
And for planting deep founded fair equity's  
rules—  
Is it half of these people our Senators say  
Should not have a voice in Liberty's way!

Is this our Minnesota,  
That erst stood on war gathered plains,  
On Antietam's soil and at Gettysburg's moil,  
In behalf of Liberty's gains;  
And whose wives sent their husbands and  
mothers their sons  
Full into the mouths of the thundering guns,  
And who bore their lone burdens and choked  
back their tears  
That their country might live through the  
storm tested years—



## An Adverse Vote 159

Are these the people our Senators note  
As not being worthy a citizen's vote!

Oh, beauteous Minnesota,  
So fair under dome of the sky!  
Not long shall they wait who plead at thy gate  
For justice to rule from on high.  
For the eager souled forces of righteousness  
stand  
Ever ready for action and swift command.  
And ever they sweep from their places of  
power  
Any heedless of duty or call of the hour.  
And larger souled men, broad of vision,  
clear-eyed,  
Shall reverse any act where just rights are  
denied.

And it isn't a question of numbers,  
And it shouldn't be one of debate,  
When a citizen true under Red, White and  
Blue  
Calls out for a voice in her fate.  
All the strength of the nations and courage of  
men  
Should be full on her side ere she asketh again!  
And thousands are calling, free born on free  
soil,  
Asking only fair share in the care of their toil.  
Senates, councils and Congress, take heed  
lest ye fall,  
When the forces of righteousness issue their  
call.



## Thanksgiving

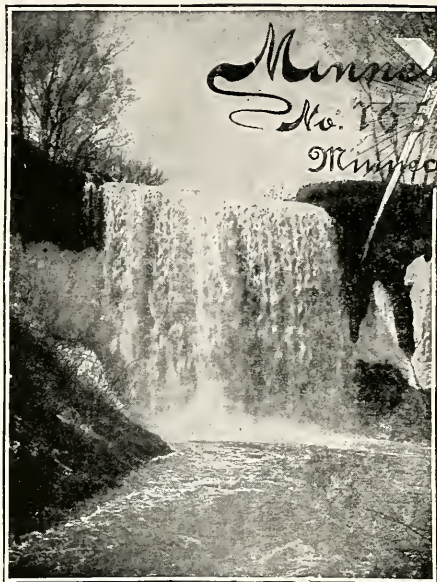
L ORD, from of old Thy love  
Hath guided the works of Thy hands.  
From of old hath Thy tender beneficence  
Accompanied Thy commands.  
From the regions of space Thou didst gather  
the mists  
Of matter, all formless and vast,  
And from out of the void, for lives yet to  
appear,  
The forms of the planets were cast.

And the earth, oh! the earth, and its bounteous  
plan!  
We thank Thee, our Lord, for this palace for  
man.  
For the beauty of dawn when the day has  
begun,  
And the glow of the west in the evening's low  
sun;  
For the day following night, and the wonderful  
range  
Of the earth round the sun, giving seasons  
their change;  
For the light of the stars and the blue of the  
sky,  
And the clouds in their loftiness journeying  
by;



For the hills towering high and the valleys between,  
Where the homes of earth's peoples in safety  
are seen;  
For the oceans that roll and the heat of the  
sun,  
And the rains on the fields when the plantings  
are done;  
For the white of the lily and green of the  
fields,  
And the gold of the harvests and bountiful  
yields;  
For the earth and its fulness, and bounties as  
grand  
As the love of an infinite God could command,  
We thank Thee, our Lord; we thank Thee,  
our Lord.  
And for promises clear of a life yet to be,  
In the light of Thy throne, and still nearer to  
Thee,  
We thank Thee, our Lord; we thank Thee,  
our Lord.





*Minnehaha Lodge*  
*No. 165 A. F. & A. M.*  
*Minneapolis, Minnesota*

## A Dedicatory Poem

Read at the dedication of the new hall of Minnehaha  
Lodge, No. 165, A. F. and A. M., Minneapolis, 1905.

**I**N this home of Masonry,  
Here we covenant and agree  
Each to do the best he can  
For the betterment of man.

Whatsoever things are fair,  
Here shall have our watch and care.  
Whatsoever things are pure,  
Here our work that they endure.  
Whatsoever things are just,  
In these our confidence and trust.  
Whatsoever things are kind,  
Here shall firm adherents find.



Whatsoever things are right,  
Unto these our means and might.  
Whatsoever things are true,  
In these our faith the centuries through.

For the banishing of tears,  
As the years shall follow years,  
Here we gather, and unite  
Pledge of soul and earthly might.  
For the widening of joy  
Without curse of want's alloy,  
For the time when men shall gain  
Without causing others pain,  
For the reign of righteousness  
And the ban of wrong's duress,  
Here our toil and heart and hope,  
While earth's labors shall have scope.

Not alone for self this altar  
Have we founded, heart to heart,  
But that Fellowship may widen  
Over homes and hall and mart.  
Not alone for years and decades  
Have we builded here this home,  
But for lives and generations,  
And the centuries to come.

Lord of all in earth and heaven,  
Unto us let light be given—  
Light of Thine own love divine,  
Here on Masonry's fair shrine;  
Light of Righteousness and Truth,  
Guiding men and succoring youth.



Here may naught but good betide,  
 And Thy blessing, Lord, abide.  
 In this house the centuries through,  
 Here may love take heart anew.  
 Here may Masons ever stand,  
 Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
 With souls intent on doing good,  
 And on the plane of Brotherhood.

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## Fishing

ON the pages of memory all are there;  
 A river running still,  
 And a frontier home in a frontier State  
 Nestled close to a sheltering hill.  
 And the boys calling out on their way to the  
     stream,  
     Too eager long to wait,  
 And the answering call of the boy in the yard,  
     Jim, Whatcher got fer bait?  
 There's an echo in thoughts of the measured  
     yes  
     Of the mother's grave consent,  
 And a vision again of the anxious look  
     That followed the boy as he went;  
 And a sense of the prayers of those years for  
     the boy  
     That fished on the river's brim,



That his life might be safe in the arms of Love,  
And that no harm come to him.

Boys, I'm goin' t' fish fer bullheads,  
Fer father he says he likes  
'Em better'n he does salt mackerel  
Er pickerel er pikes.  
And so o'er the stream yielding ample reward  
The lines of the fishers are swirled,  
Till the lengthening shadows of evening cast  
Their warnings over the world.

Oh! earth's rivers are fair, and life's years are  
but few,

But over the hill of time  
Is a stream flowing out from the throne of our  
God

Through a realm unconfined and sublime—  
Clear as crystal the stream; and the trees on  
its banks

Every month their fruitages hold,  
And the leaves of the trees heal the nations,  
and there  
The inhabitants never grow old.



# B O O

1915

**I**F they ever should come over—  
Boo!

And they'r such terrific rovers—  
Boo!

Only Russians, English, Frenchmen and Ital-  
ians in the way;

Only ten or twenty millions for the Germans  
first to slay,

And they'r only some three thousand and odd  
hundred miles away—  
Boo!

And they'r liable to hit at Uncle Samuel any  
day—

Boo! Boo!

And wouldn't it be awful if America had to  
run—

Boo!

And we couldn't show those Germans that we  
had a bigger gun—

Boo!

May be more'n four thousand of 'em would be  
landed on our shore,

And the continent be ravaged like the realms  
of ancient lore,



And of all our hundred million there'd be only  
left a score—

Boo!

Torn and worn and extirpated, every man and  
then some more—

Boo! Boo!

Earth and air and depth of waters all are dark-  
ened by a foe—

Boo!

And we all are mollycoddles if we say it isn't  
so—

Boo!

And so Johnie get your gun out for those fur-  
riners over there,

Else a thousand million of 'em will be roosting  
in our hair,

And if Germany don't get us there are Lion,  
Jap and Bear—

Boo!

And we'll never come out living if they take us  
to their lair—

Boo-oo-oo-oo-Boo!



## A Song for Minnesota

Tune—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Boys are Marching.

**F**ROM the sunny hills of France,  
In the Western World's advance,  
Came th' intrepid priests of God with Gospel  
cheer.

Following on with joyous tread,  
Where the English Carver led,  
Lo, the prairie-forest conquering pioneer.

Chorus—L'étoile du Nord, oh, Minnesota—  
Land of Sky-Blue waters broad and free!  
Prairie, hill and lofty pines,  
Lake and rill and treasured mines,  
Oh, the North Star radiant State for you and  
me!

Soon the plowman's furrow breaks  
Up against the azure lakes,  
Jewels set in forest depths and sunny lea.  
Billowy fields of ripening grain,  
Yielding food for earth's domain,  
Verging rivers rolling grandly toward the sea.  
Chorus—

Cattle on a thousand hills,  
Dairies, factories and mills,  
Field and garden, farm and orchard, church  
and school.



## A Song for Minnesota 169

Souls of fortitude and worth,  
From the various realms of earth,  
Building here an empire State on righteous  
rule.

Chorus—

On old Keystone's sacred soil,  
In the battle's grime and moil,  
When rebellion gave to Freedom fearful pause,  
Sons of North Star State at length,  
In their courage and their strength,  
Turned the course of victory toward the Union  
cause.

Chorus—

Unto Thee, Ancient of Days,  
Here we lift our hearts in praise,  
Unto Thee in whom eternal kindness lies,  
For our own beloved State,  
Gift immeasurably great,  
And our country underneath the Western  
skies.

Chorus—



# The Outcome

1915

OUT from the clashing of atoms  
In turbulent whirlings of space;  
And out from the strife of the struggling hosts  
Of molecules seeking their place;  
And out from the swirling of gathering mists  
Of matter, in strivings and stress,  
And the tumult and warring of elements  
In seeming unendlessness,  
Lo! a rounding earth forms: and in darkness  
and storm  
The waters shall seek their own;  
And the sunlight of God shall illumine the air  
Whence darkness and storm have flown;  
And from seething and turbulent ocean  
Vast continents shall arise,  
With their strength of the hills and their  
beauty of plain,  
And with face toward the star-lit skies.

Have faith, oh, ye nations; for lo! from the  
realms  
Of strivings and struggles and pains,  
And of mourning and death and of slaughter  
and woe  
O'er a continent's far reaching plains,



Lo! from out of the tumult and struggle and  
stress

A newness of freedom shall form,  
And the sunlight of God shall illumine the  
realms

Where now are the pressure and storm.  
It is He that createth, and He that o'er-rules,  
Though the passions of men cloud the skies.  
It is He that directeth the nations to tread

Where the pathway of righteousness lies.  
And if avarice still must be driven from earth

By the use of the severing sword,  
Still, still it is He that achieveth His ends,  
It is He, our Creator and Lord.



## A Shot

**I**F I hed jest a single shot t' shoot  
At th' monsters uv airth thet fill  
Its regions with danger an' sufferin',  
An' could shoot th' thing t' kill,  
I'd take thet shot at liquor—  
An' I'll spell thet evil word right—  
An' I'd blow it out uv th' sunshine,  
An' into eternal night.

Fer hearts thet 're broken an' lives thet 're lost,  
An' danger an' death an' despair,  
'R all thet it leaves on its sickening trail,  
Ez it takes its way through th' air,  
An' hell can't raise any argyment,  
However so wily er sleek,  
Thet iz wuth th' life uv a single boy,  
Er a tear on a woman's cheek.

An' I took a shot one time at a wrong  
Thet wuz chainin' th' lives uv men,  
An' another evil is stalkin' th' airth.  
An' I feel like shootin' again.  
An' ef I myself 're safe, an' mine,  
I'll think uv th' other man,  
An' his girl an' his boy an' his wife an' home,  
An' I'll save 'em ef I can.



## Memorial Hall

Read at the dedication of the new G. A. R. Memorial Hall, city hall and court house, Minneapolis, 1906.

**H**ERE we gather, who in arms  
Forty years and more ago,  
Dared grim death and war's alarms,  
And saved the State from overthrow.

How the long lines formed and lengthened  
When the Nation called for aid!  
How the firm ranks grew and strengthened  
On the fields of war arrayed!  
How the enemy's campfires glowered  
Through the night's encircling gloom!  
How th' foreboding batteries lowered,  
Shadowing forth portentous doom!

Then the bugle sound of battle,  
Rifle smoke and bullets' rattle,  
Horse and foot and cannoneer,  
Groans and cries and shouts of cheer,  
Field adrift with dead and dying,  
Bayonet charge and squadrons flying,  
Till the sun at evening pales,  
And exhausted nature fails!

Fitful rest, and then again  
March and camp and daily toiling,



Bugle call o'er hill or glen,  
And again the battle's moiling.  
Still no murmuring, for the Flag,  
Torn and tattered, rent and riven,  
Floats aloft o'er vale and crag,  
In the enfolding air of heaven.

Cleansed of all that e'er defaced it,  
Treason's taint and slavery's bar,  
Oh, the Flag! how glory graced it,  
Round its every stripe and star,  
When the war tried men of action,  
In the days of sixty-one,  
Gave to earth their benefaction,  
And their incomparable work was done!  
Round the earth the effulgent glory  
Of the old Flag glowed and shone.  
Nations told again its story,  
Serf of cot and lord of throne.  
Crime of slavery abolished—  
Unto Him let glory be  
Who the opprobrious sin demolished,  
And hath set the Nation free!

Forty years have taken form,  
Seed and fruit and bleak Decembers,  
Since those years of surge and storm,  
And the Nation still remembers.  
And we gather, soldiers still  
In the thoughts of those we served,  
Here to accept their kind good will  
And rendezvous for us reserved;



Gift to us from shire and city,  
Place for future soldiers' meetings,  
Rooms for soldiers' tales of pity,  
Chambers fair for soldiers' greetings;  
Gift to G. A. R. and those,  
True as steadfast polar star,  
Who also suffered war's dread throes,  
The loyal women of the war;  
Gift to patriot allied orders,  
Formed within our Nation's borders.

And we're gathered, soldiers, friends,  
In these peace encircling walls,  
Unto freedom's glorious ends  
Here to dedicate these halls.

Thanks to shire and thanks to city,  
For this royal regal home;  
Thanks to the loyal strong committee,  
That reared its form from base to dome.  
And in these halls so firm and fair,  
That we dedicate this day,  
May freedom find her sweetest air,  
And rule victorious alway.



## On the Dusky Road

A HOPE and a vision lie deep in my soul,  
And they grip me as memories rise—  
A hope for a something I lost in the past,  
And a vision that touches the skies.  
Oh! the old-time friend that trod with me  
A while on the journey through,  
And then went out on the path alone  
And came no more into view.

We had journeyed together through many a  
day,

He and my brothers and I,  
And in sunshine or storm, or in labor or play,  
Our steadfast friend was nigh.  
And I cried, oh! I cried in those boyhood days,  
When my friend went out alone  
On the dusky road that I could not see,  
And that ends in the great unknown.

And I hope when the great reunions come,  
In the realms of the blest above,  
That my old-time four-footed friend will be  
there,

With his deep brown eyes of love,  
And that out of the depths he'll come rushing  
to me,

With his heart with happiness full,  
And a long strong stick with one end in his  
mouth,  
And asking me for a pull.



## So Soon Cometh the Night

MOTHER, the years are so long, so long.  
Just when shall I be full grown and  
strong,  
And ready to join in the world's great throng?  
Oh! a week is long and a month is long  
And a year is longer still.  
And I want to be out in the great great world,  
And think and act as I will.  
For I shall be happy, so happy, I know,  
When I'm grown and am free and can stay or  
go.

How short are the years on life's journey, dear  
wife,  
And the shorter they seem the longer one's life,  
And our labors are long in the world's urgent  
strife.  
But the plantings are done in their season,  
somehow,  
And the harvests in gladness appear,  
And the good Lord is giving us strength for  
our day,  
And we're cared for in plenteousness year  
after year.  
Oh! how great is our debt to the Giver on high  
For the joys that are ours as the years go by.



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Dear wife, good wife, how the years have  
    flown,  
And the children are gone and have homes of  
    their own,  
And you and I again are alone.  
And I hope now in May I may get a job done,  
    And it still is unfinished the last of July.  
And it seems I can hardly turn round ere the  
    sun  
    Is mounting again up the southern sky.  
And the years are so few! so soon cometh the  
    night!  
God grant it that most of our work has been  
    right!



























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